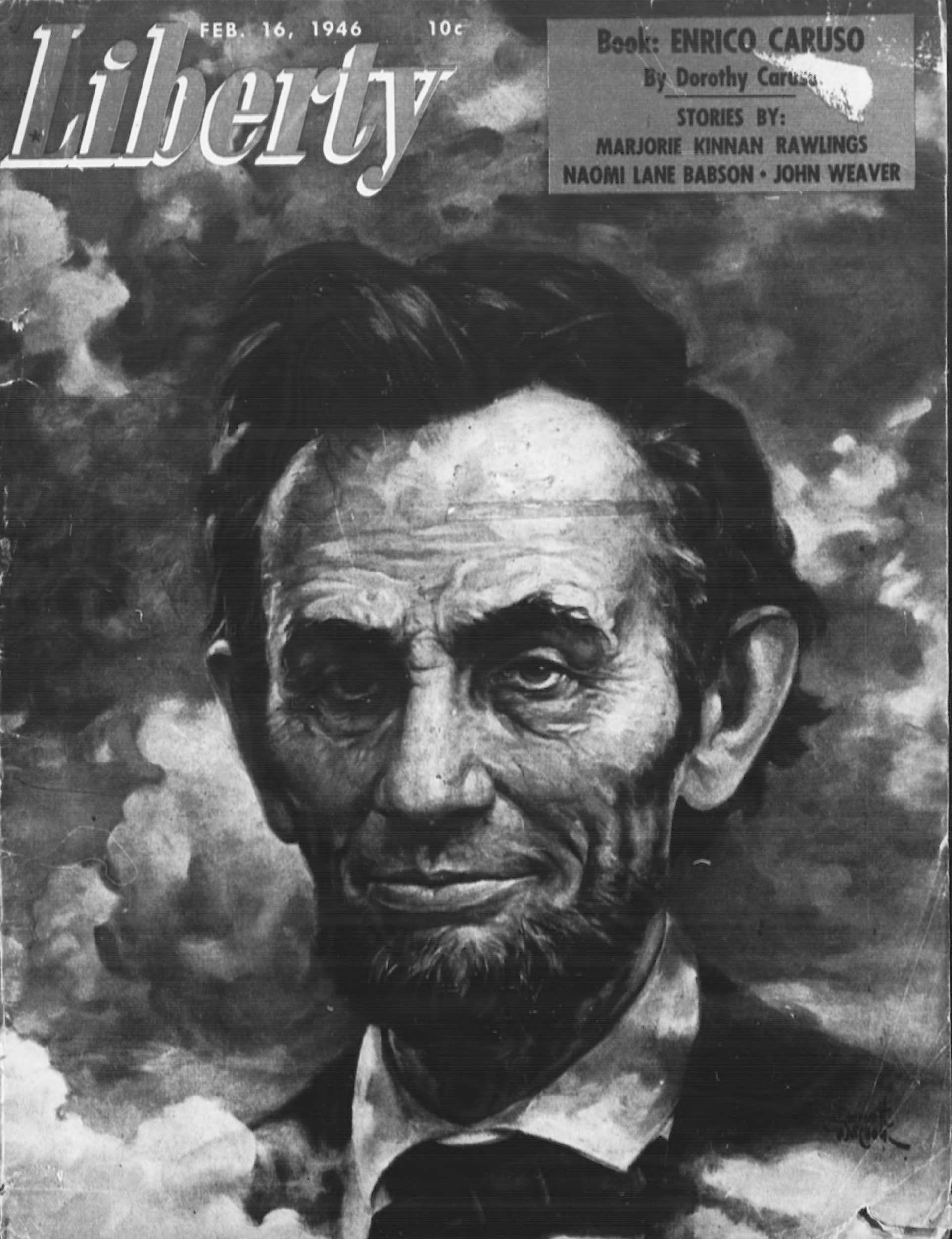
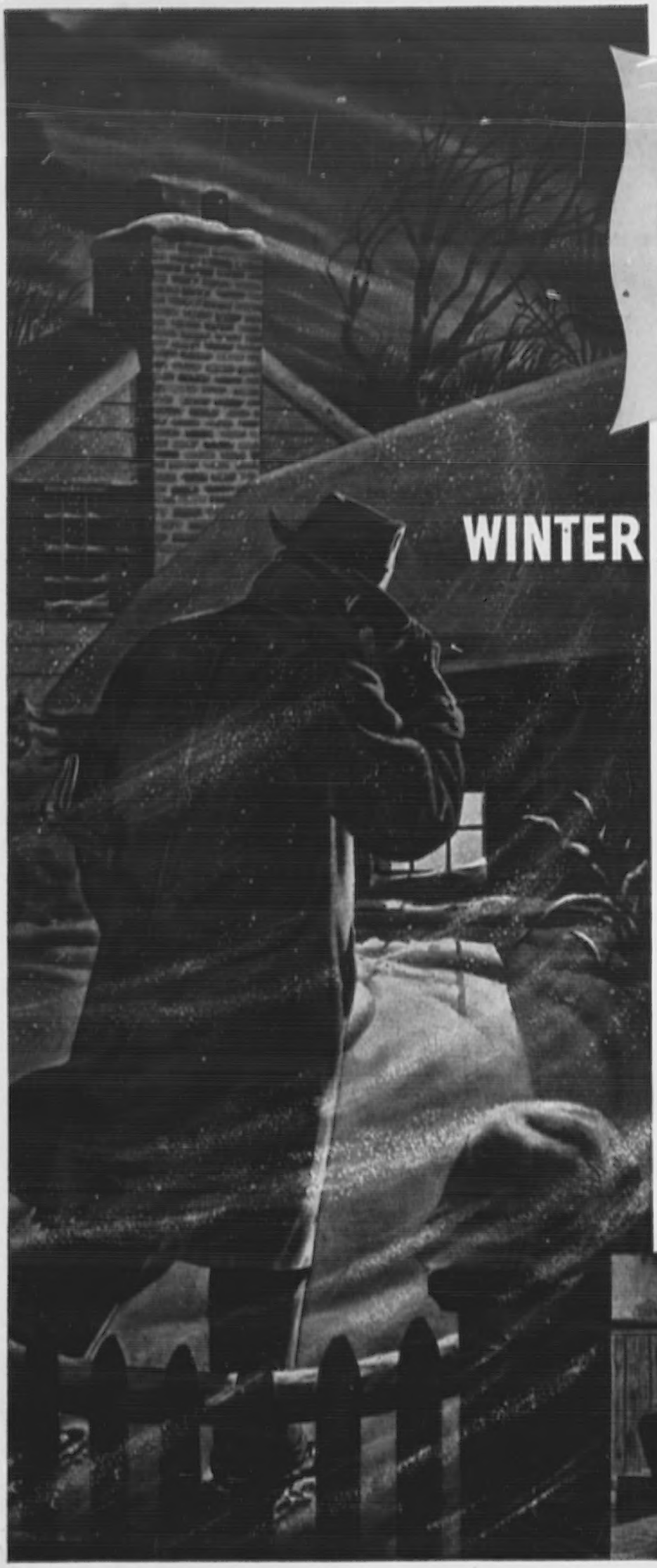
FEB. 16, 1946 10c

# Liberty

**Book: ENRICO CARUSO**
**By Dorothy Caruso**

**STORIES BY:**
**MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS**
**NAOMI LANE BABSON • JOHN WEAVER**





*Some things winter brings,*
*I do not go for.*
*I daily trudge through snow and sludge,*
*(You see, I have no chauffeur.)*

*But spirits cheer as home I near,*
*A thought warms my chilled body,*
*In anticipation of a grand libation,*
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**Wilson Kelley**

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*Painted by Emmett Watson*

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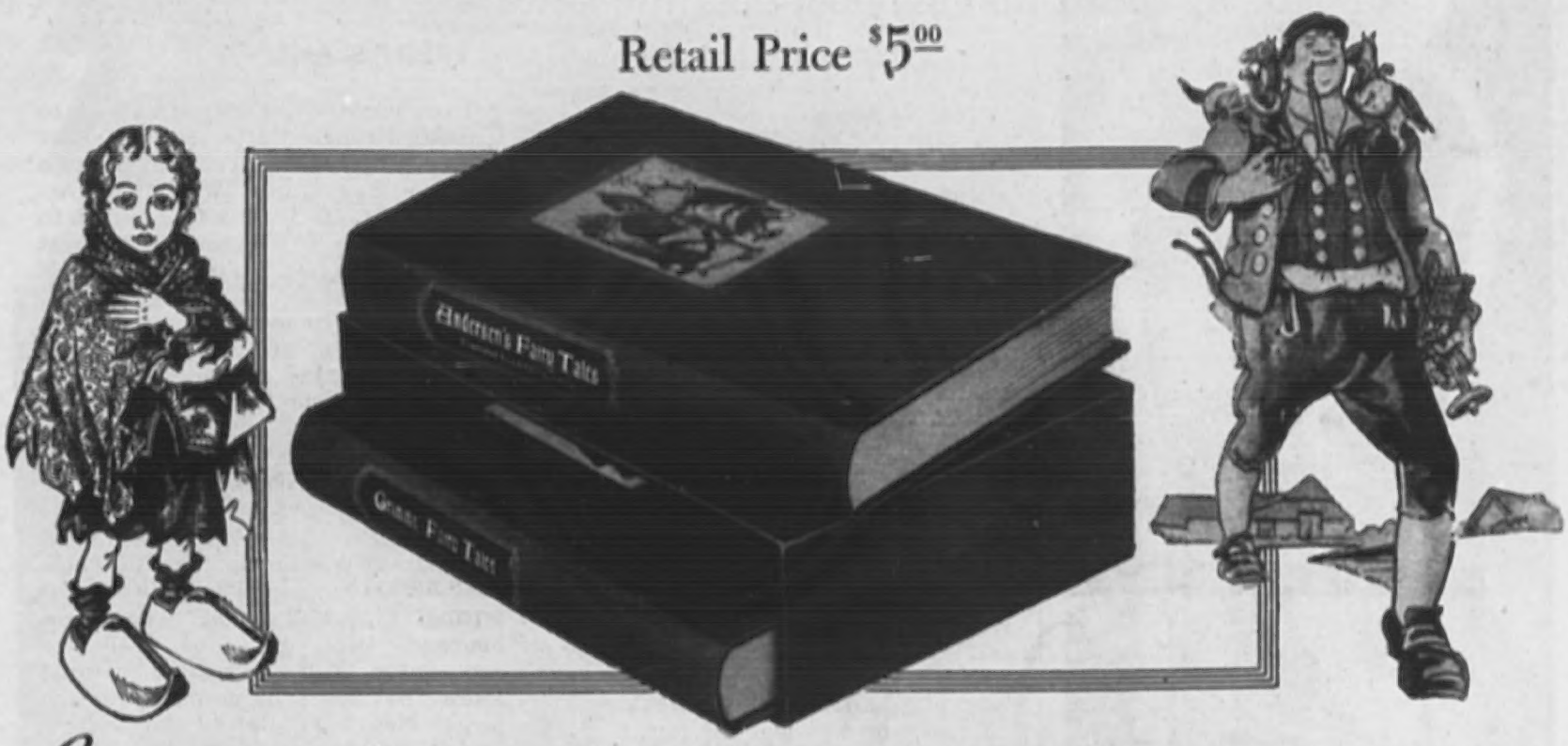


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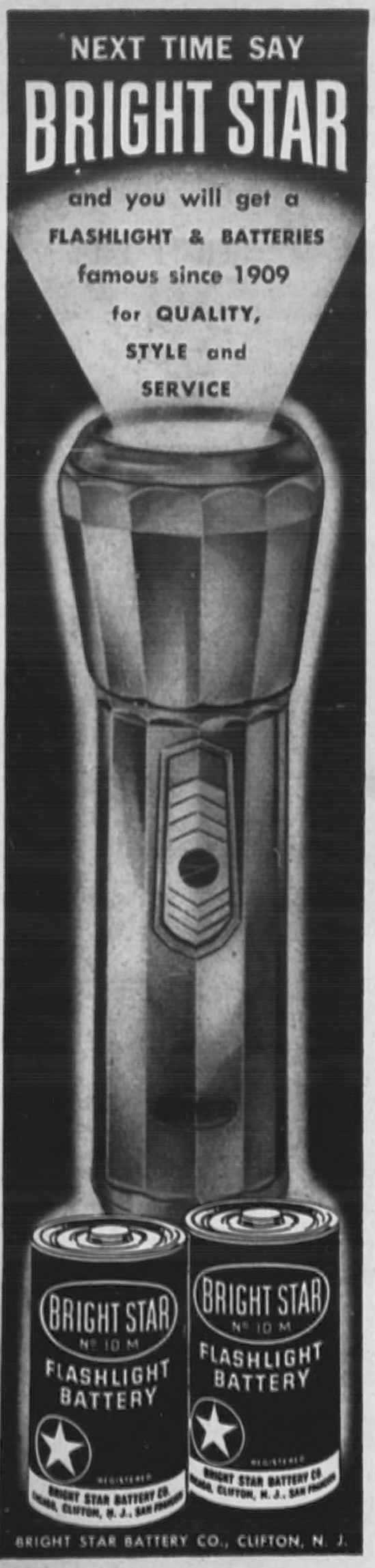



# VOX POP

## *"The Voice of the People"*

### OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER

INDIA—From what I have absorbed from talking with Chinese in the government wartime seat at Chungking, and from reading, China seems to be a disorganized country, needing a firm guiding hand.

The United States would appear the most logical authority. No other country has had such deep-seated interest in China's welfare and future. The U. S. A. provided China with everything she had in this war in the way of armament, supplies,

and money. Her own assets were woefully small—Japan walked right through China, taking what she wanted. The Nips created a wonderful military machine, while the Chinese still remained in a rice-paddy state. Finally the U. S. A. infused blood plasma into China's weak system and won her war for her.

Now China's people are fighting among themselves, threatening to involve Russia and the United States. Such a civil war is a sad show of appreciation for a hard-won major peace.

Certainly a country as disorganized and yet as potential a hotbed as is China should have a benefactor. If we are to fight her battles, feed and clothe her people, then I say we should have control of her activities and exercise mature, orderly directorship.—*Sgt. D. W. P.*

### TRUTH IS NO EXCUSE

CASTLE ROCK, WASH.—I have just read Tragedy's Children, the article about the children of Lidice by Erika Mann (December 22). Even if every word of it is true, there is no excuse for breeding such hatred, which leads to nothing but another war. Even if every word is true, why aren't you, who have the power and wealth to do it, educating people to rid themselves of the causes of wars? We want the solution to a lasting peace. We surely will never get it through the teaching of hatred, but only by getting rid of Fascism here and abroad. In past history, wars have always led to atrocities on both sides. That is nothing new. As long as you have wars, you will always have atrocities. So why not stop pointing to atrocities, and, instead, do away with the cause that makes these wars?—*Mrs. Earl Carnine.*

### A FRESH SLANT

TARBORO, N. C.—Congratulations to Charles Francis Potter for his short story about Jesus Christ and the two thieves—Remember Me, Lord (December 29). He gave a fresh slant to an old theme. It was one of the best stories I have had the chance to read in a long time.

Please let's have more on the same subject, for I'm sure that many people enjoyed this one and found it helpful.—*Thelma Hyman.*

### SELECTIVE VOTING?

SALISBURY, MD.—I've just read Jack Drake's letter in Vox Pop (December 22) in which he talks about letting everybody vote, regardless of race, color, or creed. If Jack's acquainted with the South, he must know that some states have a much larger Negro population than white, and if his idea were put into effect, in a few years those states would be

governed entirely by Negroes—from U. S. senators to the lowest appointive office. The proud old families would be reduced to a very low level. A large majority of the Southern Negroes are not sufficiently educated to hold office or vote. Nor is there a great number among them who are taxpayers of any nature. —*H. P.*

### GET A POLICY

TAMPA, FLA.—Paul Hunter's editorial, Foreign Policy by Inadvertence (December 29), is most commendable. He writes plainly, concisely, and clearly tells off the State Department for its lack of policy in China. I think a series of further

(*Continued on page 8*)

DANCE-HALL HOSTESS...
GOB ON SHORE LEAVE!

# Four terror-ridden hours!

Fate points the finger of suspicion...and one evening of innocent fun turns into a nightmare of MURDER!

Remember Him?
The Sergeant of
*"THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS"*

**SUSAN HAYWARD · PAUL LUKAS**
**BILL WILLIAMS** in

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Screen Play by CLIFFORD ODETS

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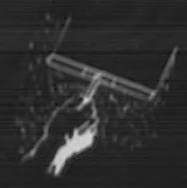
# QUIT YOUR SKIDDIN'!

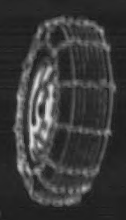
SKIDDING time is here again. In the tread designs of LEE DeLuxe tires you have the finest anti-skid protection that can be bought. Yet even that—the result of ten years' research and development—can be nullified by factors which go far beyond the tires.



The *only thing* any tire can do to check skidding is to wipe off the road surface so the rubber gets a firm grip. But this squeegee action must be uniform—equalized. If your wheels are out of alignment—your brake linings worn unevenly—your tires out of balance from countless patches, newly acquired interliners, etc.—if air pressures vary from wheel to wheel—if treads are smooth in varying degrees or include different patterns in recaps—if wheel bearings, king pins, tie rod ends are loose—the braking action on all four wheels is no longer equalized.

"Brakes stop the wheels, *but tires stop the car.*" And anything which stops one wheel quicker than another is a skid-breeder.

Old-timers say the best way to get out of a skid is not to get into one. So, for ice or snow, put on your chains—then drive as gingerly as if you didn't have them. Brake early and gently, not late and hard, leaving the clutch in until the last moment. Above all, have a competent check-up of tire balance, wheel alignment and all other factors of unequalized braking. And, as soon as possible, safeguard yourself with the maximum skid protection that money can put into any tire—



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*(Continued from page 6)*

comments along the line of politics would greatly aid us in clearing up the mess that puny politicians have made since the end of the war.—*George Parke.*

## LONG, LONG AGO

DANVILLE, ILL.—You say in The Camera Eye (December 15) that Jack Robinson is the first Negro to sign a contract for playing in organized baseball. I take issue with you. Yes, he is the first in *modern* organized baseball, but Moses Fleetwood Walker, a catcher, and his brother, Welday Wilberforce Walker, an outfielder, were the first to play in organized baseball and the only two who have been members of a major-league club. That was the Toledo franchise of the American Association—the Association being a major league in 1884.—*H. D. Forker.*

Liberty was pitching in the modern leagues.—VOX POP EDITOR.

## S. CLAUS—WORKSHOP

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.—We have a little girl, four years old, and this

year we couldn't get a Santa Claus to bring her gifts, so we had Santa telephone and say his helpers would bring the toys.

We had a hard time explaining what Santa's helpers looked like, until along came your December 29 issue with its splendid cover of Santa's workshop. Thanks for helping us translate words into pictures.—*Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Coyne.*

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—A fine and clever cover. But according to simple mechanics of gears, wouldn't the treadmill work uphill in Santa's workshop?—*Frank Dio.*

Someone probably shifted into reverse.—VOX POP EDITOR.

## A NAZI OUTLOOK

BOWLING GREEN, KY.—C. Schweitzer, Jr. (Vox Pop, December 22), accuses Roosevelt and Wallace of attempting to destroy the fundamental principles of American customs and freedom. That sounds like a Nazi standpoint. It is my opinion that Roosevelt was largely responsible for destroying the unprincipled "blundermentals" of German customs and freedom in their greedy effort to dominate the world.—*John G. Woods.*

# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

**BEHIND THE BY-LINE**

GRADUATED from the University of Wisconsin in 1918, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings did some journalistic work for the next decade, then migrated to Cross Creek in Hawthorn, Florida, where she's been writing fiction and collecting prizes ever since. The winner of a Scribner's Magazine prize in 1931, the O. Henry award in 1933, and the Pulitzer Prize (for her novel, The Yearling) in 1939, she writes her latest short story for Liberty this week. . . . The author of A BIG PRIZE FOR US, Gunther Stein, is an old hand at tackling the Chinese puzzle. He visited the Far East for the first time in 1932, having already been a correspondent in Europe (England, France and Russia) since 1924. Stationed in Chungking (1938-44) he traveled throughout the country, including the Communist area, investigating and reporting on all facets of Chinese life. . . . Well known as an interpreter of science for the layman, Herbert S. Zim has seen with his own eyes WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE STARVE. At the University of Minnesota, where such an experiment was conducted, he watched its progress and talked with many of the men involved. And he tells the amazing results on page 16.

# NEXT WEEK

STEP by step it's coming—a REVOLT IN THE PROMISED LAND that will rock the British Empire. Why is an explosion certain, and how will it happen? Let Gerold Frank give you the inside dope. . . . Now that epilepsy can be brought under control, the chief stumbling block between the epileptic and a normal life is *your* attitude toward him, says Herbert Yahraes, Jr., in WHERE MEDICINE LEAVES OFF. Here's the story of a unique clinic that straightens out the personality quirks of afflicted children. . . . In YOUNG MAN IN THE CHAIR, A. D. Rathbone, IV, presents a revealing picture of Henry Ford II, the boss of an old empire. . . . Nancy Bruff spins a gripping yarn of sin and passion in old Nantucket in Liberty's Book Condensation, THE MANATEE—the most widely discussed novel of the year.


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# ON THE BEAM

## BY WAYNE PARRISH

**Thanks to wartime, radio control of pilotless planes is an accomplished fact. Here's how it works —and what it means to aviation**

SOME idea of how the war advanced aviation can be gained from the fact, now universally known, that pilotless jet-propelled aircraft are no longer a dream.

Lifting of wartime censorship permitted Bell Aircraft Corporation and the Air Technical Service Command to reveal that a jet-propelled P-59 Airacomet had been flown several times with all controlling done by radio from a ground station or from a "mother" plane.

Another accomplishment—of tremendous importance in testing new planes—was the development of television and telemeter methods to transmit flight data from the plane to automatic recording instruments on the ground.

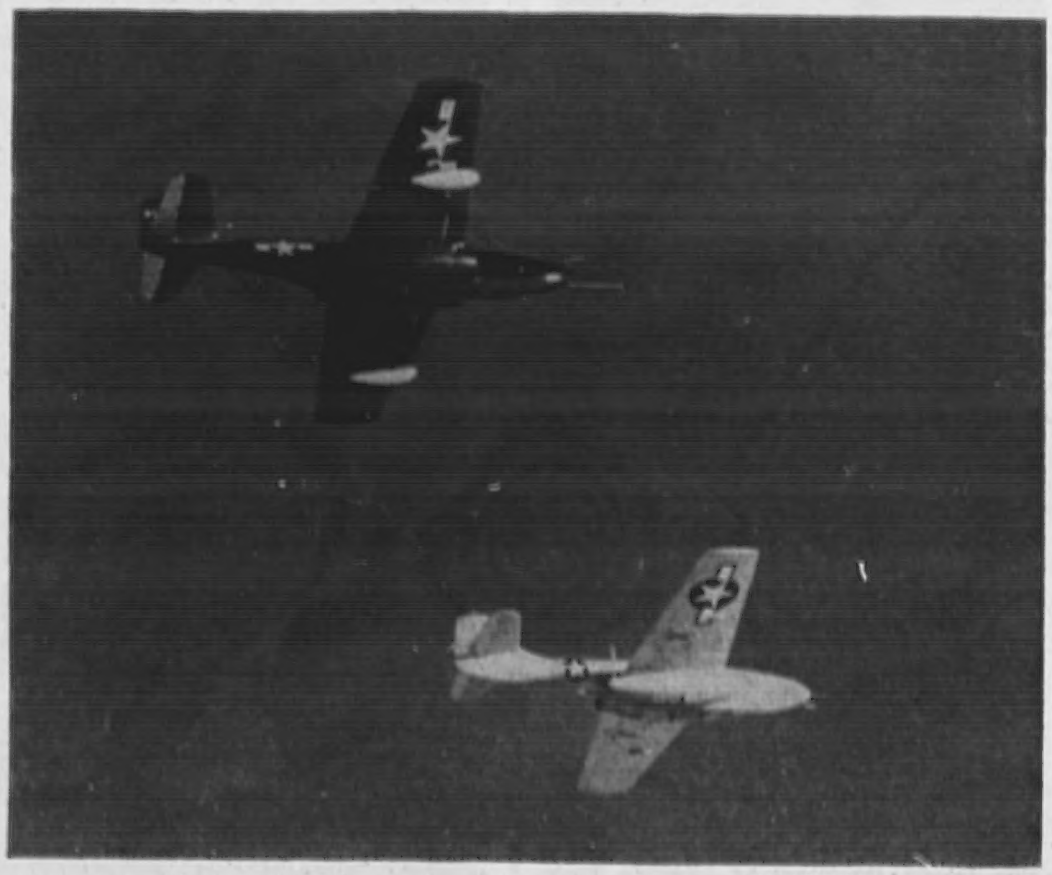
These innovations meant that if an aircraft manufacturer desired to test a new airplane, he could do so without risking a pilot's life. And even if the plane crashed, he would have all important flight data, transmitted by television and telemeter, to study. With aircraft approaching the speed of sound, this development may be truly momentous.

In pioneering tests, a safety pilot has been in the robot's cockpit, ready to take over in case of radio failure and protect against loss of valuable equipment. However, his presence does not detract from the progress of the remotely controlled flights.

As explained by Bell and ATSC, the pilotless plane can be controlled either from another plane or from a ground station. The "mother" plane depends on visual contact for location of the robot, while the ground station (a panel truck) is equipped with telemetering and television instrumentation and at all times can determine what the robot is doing and where it is.

An ordinary airplane has an automatic pilot controlled by a gyroscope which is subject to "tumbling" or "spilling" in violent maneuvers. With its gyro "tumbled," the plane would behave as if out of control. In the robot there is an additional tumbling-proof gyro, which is used in the more violent maneuvers. Both the flight station ("mother" plane) and the ground stations have a switch that makes possible selectivity of the autopilots.

A miniature stick, similar to the stick in a normal plane, is mounted



BELL AIRCRAFT CORPORATION PHOTO

Jet-propelled P-59 Airacomets in the remote-control-by-radio project developed by Bell and ATSC. The higher plane is the "mother"; the lower one, the robot.

on the regular stick in the "mother" plane, and another miniature stick is located on the ground operator's chair, which is secured to a platform built on top of the panel truck. The ground operator's controls are duplicated in the interior of the truck, so that the robot can be controlled by observation of its televised flight instruments when out of sight of either the flight-station operator or the ground operator, or of both.

The robot's throttle, flaps, landing gear, brakes, etc., are actuated by servo motors which derive electrical power from circuits controlled by the radio receiver. Thus ground or flight-station operators can direct the robot through warm-up, taxiing, take-off, climb, level flight, banks or turns, dives, loops, and all other maneuvers involved in flight testing of aircraft.

Vibrations, accelerations, structural loads and strains, and other flight-research measurements not visible to the eye are transmitted to the ground station by telemetering. Television serves two purposes. One unit televises the instrument panel in the robot and gives an image of the instruments. A second unit televises the horizon as normally seen by the pilot.

Thus still another wartime development can aid greatly in the peacetime progress of aviation.

### Air Field and Sheep Meadow

In Geneva, Switzerland, nestled in the mountains, in the extreme southwest corner of the country, is Cointrin Airport. It is one of the most attractive airports in the world, situated as it is in one of the world's most beautiful settings. Its white concrete runways contrast sharply with the velvet green turf on the air field.

The reason why the airport is kept so immaculate is that a herd of sheep grazes on the air field all the time. Far from being a traffic hazard, the sheep are controlled with remarkable precision. A sheep dog has been so well trained that as soon as a plane taxis out for take-off or circles the field for landing, the dog rounds up the sheep and keeps them at a safe distance from the runway. The sheepherder doesn't even have to order the dog any more—it's all automatic.

### Go West, Young Private Pilot!

Biggest private flying boom in the country is along the West Coast, according to reports from the Civil Aeronautics Administration. The number of written examinations for pilots, for example, went up at least 240 per cent within the last seven months of 1945. Surplus aircraft sales have been high. Small airfields have reported record business. Southern California, long a center of personal flying, is off to an especially good postwar start as the biggest center of it in the nation.

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China has 450,000,000 people who need almost everything. But before these prospects can become customers, several knotty problems require solution. If we solve the Chinese puzzle, there's

# A Big Prize for Us

by

**GUNTHER STEIN**

ALEXANDERSON PHOTO FROM GUILLUMETTE

**Archaic irrigation methods typify China's pauperized agricultural economy.**

WILL the fascinating prospect of a million steady China jobs for American industry and of a bright new life for 450,000,000 potential Chinese customers remain a dream, as it was for so many years? Is China, weakened by war and misrule and torn by civil strife, still a hopeless proposition for American business?

The over-all picture of China today is dark. But for every discouraging feature there is one that will give hope to American business men now studying their practical prospects in China.

They will first look at the damage which eight years of war with Japan has done to the country. There is plenty of it, but destruction, on the whole, is not nearly so great as had been expected. Most of China's big cities have remained intact. And many of the villages razed by the enemy early in the war have since been rebuilt.

What war damage there is in China has been greatly overcompensated by the permanent results of the forced labor under Japanese occupation. During eight years in North and Central China, thirteen years in Manchuria, and seventy years in Formosa, the Japanese conquerors supplemented that forced labor of millions of Chinese with the skill of their technical experts, with billions of yen of investment capital and large quantities of Japan-made machinery and materials. All the modern mines and factories, railroads, highways, ports, and sugar plantations the Japanese created in those areas for the sake of their imperialism have fallen undamaged to China. She is, therefore, on the whole, better equipped for nation-wide economic progress than ever before.

American business men will next scrutinize the administrations that run the country. They know from past experience that the prospect of developing large-scale trade with China depends first and foremost upon the creation of a stable and progressive government in a truly united country.

In Chungking, the seat of the Central Government of the Kuomintang (Nationalist Party), they will hear much about the weak, inefficient and corrupt administration under the well-meaning but old-fashioned and ill-advised Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

They will hear bitter complaints, not only from Americans who found it difficult to get effective co-operation in the common war against Japan and in their efforts to help Chinese progress, but also from progressive Chinese whose confidence they may win: bankers, industrialists, merchants, politicians, and intellectuals. The progressives have been disappointed by a government that never ceased to promise democratic reform while it moved in the opposite direction.

American business men will find the ablest and most modern officials

A. P. WIREPHOTO

To prosper, China must find peace. That's a major job for General Marshall, shown here leaving Nanking airport with the Chiangs after his arrival.

in Chungking sincerely in favor of economic progress but without power and influence. They will find the reins are held by men steeped in ancient traditions of autocracy, fearful of the rising popular demand for self-government, and always ready to use their armed forces against political dissatisfaction.

They will find Chungking's political authority little more than nominal in a good part of the regions over which it has military control. For provincial administrations are largely run by vested local interests who have never been reconciled to the one-party dictatorship of the Kuomintang. The paralyzing influence these groups are allowed to retain in "their" provinces is the price the Central Government pays them for their outward allegiance to Chiang Kai-shek.

IN the counties and villages, finally, the ancient feudal rule of an all-powerful gentry survives unbroken. As landlords, the gentry levy exorbitant rents on their tenants, up to 70 per cent of the crops. As merchants, they force the farmers to sell them their products cheaply, and in return, compel the farmers to buy goods at high prices. As moneylenders they charge up to 200 per cent a year interest on loans. As local administrators, they tax, conscript, and rule the village people at will and enforce the ideology of Confucianism with its ancient rules of blind submission to authority.

This medieval system, like that of England before the Magna Charta, stifles the farmers' attempts to achieve land reform and village democracy, economic and educational progress.

The enormous development tasks before the Chinese government require wise economic planning to provide for the most productive use of foreign supplies and the security of foreign loans and investments by which China's imports will have to be financed for a considerable time. If American business men see the original version of Chungking's blueprints in Chiang Kai-shek's book, China's Destiny, they will be as stunned by them as the diplomatic corps was when the book appeared in Chungking almost three years ago.

This important guide for the country's future policies is compulsory reading for millions of Chinese, but was never permitted by its author to be printed in English, or even to be quoted in the dispatches of foreign correspondents. It is still banned to the American reader. For its undemocratic and fundamentally anti-foreign character would disillusion the people of the Allied nations about the political character of the Generalissimo. And its economic development plans would discourage American business from large-scale investment in China.

Chiang Kai-shek considers "the ideas of liberalism" as "nothing more than the opposition of Anglo-American thoughts to the thought of Soviet Russia." He condemns both the liberal and Communist ideologies as "unfit for China's national economy" and "contrary to the spirit of China's ancient culture." He wants to maintain as the "unchangeable rules" of China's social life the outmoded Confucian concepts.

The main thesis of the book, based on anti-Western prejudice and much flagrant historical error, is that the Western powers are responsible for the state of affairs in China. Only a few pages of it are devoted to the war with Japan, and the shortcomings of the Chinese government are glossed over.

The blueprints for China's future economic development are based on vast overestimates of the country's resources, of America's likely capital exports to China, and of China's ability to absorb and run vast supermodern enterprises within the relatively short periods set by Chiang Kai-shek.

The somewhat revised blueprints for development work during the next ten years, which were published later, are still giving experts the impression of naïve "letters to Santa." Their main emphasis is still on the creation of "national defense industries," which threatens to misdirect China's economic development and the use of foreign economic aid into unproductive, militaristic channels.

OTHER features of these plans are the astonishing neglect of the need for land reform and vast agricultural improvements. Instead of trying to help the farmer to raise his production and purchasing power for consumers' goods, these blueprints threaten to expose him to the same predicament from which farmers suffered in Japan, where topheavy industries were built up on a pauperized agricultural economy to supply the markets of the world at cutthroat prices.

American business men will see little promise either for China's political stability or for that basic revival of her productive forces which are the prerequisites for the development of a large trade with China. They will also be alarmed about the danger of civil war. The armed forces of the Chungking government hold sway over 250,000,000 of China's people. The armies of the Yenan regime of the Chinese Communists, whose areas already encompass about 120,000,000 people, are grimly contesting the control of the remaining 80,000,000 people in the newly liberated areas of north China and Manchuria. This contest might drag on for years and destroy all prospects of peaceful trade development.

But American market prospectors in China will probably not turn away in despair. For, in spite of all this, there is definitely hope in China today for national unity and political and economic reform. That hope, strangely enough, is closely connected with the internal friction that has been shaking the country ever since the Japanese surrendered to the Allies.

Closer observation will reveal:

The Chinese people are more determined than at any time in the past on national unity, democratic progress, and free economic development. And their growing political power is making itself felt in both armed camps.

Moreover, the United States now has a great opportunity to help China with its democratic influence. This can be done in the same way that a banker would help a manufacturer rehabilitate his business by making a loan conditional on wise reorganization of the firm. For the future of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Central Government is now entirely dependent upon American support. Without military, economic, and financial assistance from the United States, it has little chance to recover from its deep crisis.

In Chungking, American business men will hear not only Nationalist generals and government officials who maintain that their conflict with the Communists is one between good and evil, in which all the Chinese people are on the side of the lawful government. They will hear a different story from the progressive Chinese inside and outside the Nationalist Party, from bankers, manufacturers, merchants, intellectuals, and politicians, and this is what they will be told:

FIRST, the vast majority of the Chinese people desire quicker and more genuinely democratic reforms than they have been promised or given by Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Party. They are fundamentally in unison with the demand of the Communists and the middle-of-the-road parties of the Democratic League for replacing the dictatorship of the right wing of the Nationalist Party with a coalition government that embraces all political groups. They insist that civil war can and must be avoided in this way and that a coalition government will lead to national unity.

Second, the Yenan regime is by no means Communist in the Russian sense. Its so-called New Democracy proves the Yenan leaders to be agrarian reformers whose Communist aims lie in the distant future. It has brought about great administrative, economic, and educational achievements in the areas which the peasants, together with the Communists, have liberated from the Japanese during eight years of war. The policies of the New Democracy give the answer to most Chinese problems and can be made the foundation of a Chinese revival that will permit a sound and steady development of China's international trade.

Third, the Communists would want to compete with the Nationalists for supremacy all over the country if the Nationalist Party does not yield to the demand of the people for a coalition government; and they may become more radical in the process, especially in case continued American support for the Chungking armies were to lead to Russian support for the Communist armies. But there is nothing in the present program and practices of the Chinese Communists that should make it impossible for the Nationalist Party to co-operate with them in a coalition government if Chiang Kai-shek followed the wish of the people and granted them democracy.

If the American business men could visit Yenan, as groups of U. S. Army observers and foreign correspondents did last year, they would find confirmation for these liberal Chinese views about the Communists.

In Yenan they would find the farmer in a new role, as one of the creators and enthusiastic pioneers of what the people in those areas—Communists, liberal members of the Nationalist Party, and the vast majority of non-party men and women—proudly call "their" New Democracy.

They would meet labor hero Wu Men-yu, who was once so poor he had to sell his young daughters into bondage. Now he is the richest man in his village and one of the most famous persons in the Communist-controlled areas.

That man Wu has taken the lead in showing the people how to improve agricultural methods, even before American supplies could be obtained, mainly through the organization of co-operative efforts. The result was that the agricultural production around Yenan was doubled during the last five years.

Like many other ordinary peasants whom the educational campaigns of the Communists awakened to social activity, Wu has helped the people to make self-government in the villages a success and to enlist the full co-operation of landlords, merchants, and old-time county officials.

These groups have come to realize that all classes benefit from land reform and village democracy and from the economic progress that results from the abandonment of old-age feudalism.

For example, a modern application of economics would enable the average Chinese to buy five dollars' worth of American-made goods each year—as much as the average American buys in two or three days. With such buying, you would have created 1,000,000 additional jobs in the United States, one for every tenth war veteran.

SEND an annual two billion dollars' worth of American materials essential for improving their primitive production to the 450,000,000 industrious Chinese, and you will soon have changed their way of life beyond recognition.

Synthetic fertilizers, so far almost unused in China, could easily in-

(Continued on page 79)

Even in modern Shanghai, toilers like these prove the need of modern transport.

FRITZ HENLE PHOTO FROM MONKMEYER

# What Happens When People Starve

Hunger has sparked wars, revolutions, and politics since the dawn of history — and has baffled scientists for just as long. Now these men among experiments in which brave men have let doctors their bodies to reveal

BY HERBERT S. ZIM

Live for twenty-four weeks on half the food you need, and you look like this. Bob McCurragh was one of thirty-six men who tried it.

THE gaunt specter of starvation has haunted mankind since the dawn of history, yet doctors have studied it even less than rare diseases. For ages they have wanted the answers to such questions as: What does starvation do to the heart and lungs? How does it affect muscular strength, endurance, intelligence, emotions, and behavior? Without the answers we cannot intelligently combat the ravages of hunger, particularly in Europe and Asia, where the problem is almost beyond conception.

Until three dozen men voluntarily offered to starve for science in Minneapolis, doctors had never been able to get the essential facts on starvation. This may seem odd, but during famines there is rarely time for clinical notes—much less experiment. Three factors make the Minneapolis experiment a scientific opportunity that may never occur again: the co-operation of the volunteers; the availability of elaborate equipment; the presence of a unique, scientific team that used men of diverse training in a co-operative attack on the problem.

Ironically, the elaborate laboratory used in the tests is beneath the University of Minnesota stadium seats. Few in the football crowds knew of it, though the laboratory included a diet kitchen, a food-analysis room, a statistical department, and three temperature-controlled rooms for producing arctic or tropic climate at will.

This Laboratory for Physiological Hygiene is directed by Dr. Ancel Keys, energetic physiologist of the university Medical School. The idea for the starvation project originated with a group of conscientious objectors who were serving as subjects for nutritional and psychological experiments at the university in 1943, according to Paul Bowman, director of relief training. These men were set to go abroad on a European relief project when an amendment to an Army appropriation bill, forbidding foreign service, left them stranded. Dejected, they sought a way to help in foreign relief without leaving this country. The starvation experiment was their solution.

Dr. Keys and his staff saw the significance of the idea, and with their leadership the starvation experiment took shape. Harold Row, representing the Brethern Service Committee, actively promoted the project and announced it to all Civilian Public Service Camps. Applications from volunteers poured in. The requirements were strict because the experiment involved strain, confinement and physical suffering. The possibility of family complications ruled out married men.

Each of the thirty-six volunteers was pledged for a year's service under complete control of the scientists. It meant no trips home; eating everything prescribed in the meager diet—and nothing more; working day after day and co-operating in an endless program of tests. In return, each man received lodging, medical care, a chance to continue his relief training, and a wage of five dollars monthly—later raised to fifteen, when the Office of Scientific Research and Development put the experiments under its Committee on Medical Research.

As guinea pigs, the objectors proved conscientious indeed.

W. J. HARVEY PHOTO

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The hated treadmill amounted to a constant sprint uphill.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Starving men scrap their social graces and greedily lick every dish.

To hear the men talk, the first three months of the experiment was something out of the Arabian Nights. Actually it was a standardization period to iron out nutritional differences. During that period the daily menu provided each man with 3,200 calories, including a scant four ounces of protein and about an equal amount of fat. The bulk of the diet was ordinary starch energy foods: potatoes, bread, cereals, and macaroni.

But none fattened, for each man was put on a regime that worked off those 3,200 calories daily. The weekly schedule called for three eleven-mile hikes plus other exercises, and fifteen hours of work in the laboratory. Testing and daily chores used up enough energy to make output balance input. Control was strict. And a large sign in the laboratory carried this Biblical admonition:

"Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience sake" (I Corinthians 10:27).

In the first three months the eight staff members and their twenty-five technical assistants tried out all the experimental tests. One volunteer started to list the tests but bogged down after noting 42: 24 physiological and 18 psychological. Every measurable item was measured, from heartbeats to postural adjustment. And each volunteer was required to keep a diary, write an autobiography, and evaluate himself and his fellow sufferers weekly.

Uniformly dreaded was the treadmill endurance test, a grueling technique to measure the ability of the body—especially the heart—to adjust to very hard work. This test is the work equivalent of sprinting up an endless hill. At first the beginners were so exhausted that some had to spend the rest of the day in bed. But by the end of the standardization period a number could keep at it for five minutes.

THE calendars for 1945, hung up soon after Christmas, had a big red circle around February 12, marking the first day of starvation. Everyone knew the diets would duplicate those of occupied Europe, so that each volunteer would become the nutritional equivalent of a Pole or a Greek. The average diet in the occupied countries provided 70 ounces of bread a week; the experiment provided 72 (four medium loaves). Persons in Europe averaged 85 to 110 ounces of potatoes weekly; the Minneapolis men got 83, and from 10 to 25 per cent less meat, sugar, fats, and milk than civilians in occupied countries.

As the starvation diet began, each man got a small bowl of farina, two slices of toast, a dish of fried potatoes, another of jello, and a small dab of jam. The milk glasses were only a quarter full.

Faces lighted up. This didn't look like starvation; it was a skimpy meal, but not bad. In fact, each man was allowed four more slices of bread to eat later because the diet provided only two meals on weekdays. The evening meal included fish chowder (one half pound of fish for thirty-six men), spaghetti and meat balls (mostly oatmeal), steamed potatoes, carrots, peas, and raw cabbage salad—all in small measured portions. The next day's menu was similar but not as fancy: oatmeal, potatoes, bean soup, turnips, and macaroni. Three slightly different menus were rotated.

Sunday was special. Since the men might want to sleep late, no breakfast was served. But the noon meal was really large, so large that the men could take away a sandwich or two. Everyone did, because there was no supper on Sunday either!

This diet of 1,750 calories was not even sufficient for a sedentary white-collar worker, and on it the human guinea pigs maintained their normal 3,200-calorie work output. The results were a matter of simple arithmetic—so simple that the doctors were able to predict, well in advance, the weight loss for each man in the experiment. This came to about 25 per cent, or 27 to 65 pounds a person.

In those first days of starvation, hunger for most of the men was sharp and gnawing—almost an actual pain. Later it became a chronic irritant—an ever present, ever demanding obsession. All food tasted good—everything from turnips to dry bread. Some felt a perceptible anxiety before mealtimes. Suppose

(*Continued on page 75*)

Pull your muffler tighter. This really happens to some people. But the Florida below—where sun, sky, and sea are free—could happen to you.

This one's a beauty, and we don't mean the fish.

# This is FLORIDA

BY LARRY NIXON

FLORIDA, which so successfully mixes business with pleasure, is back at its old peacetime stand, selling balmy blue water and sunshine to the lucky devils who can spare the cash and the time. It takes surprisingly little of either to get there and have fun. The old conception of Florida as a millionaires' playground is rapidly giving way to the fact that Florida is becoming every family's winter-vacation land.

This is not mere tourist-agency malarky. Florida is, of course, still playing host to the big-money boys, the tycoons and the gamblers. But the sun is just as warm and the sky as blue over the eighteen-dollar-a-week tourist establishments as over the $100-a-day luxury hotels. And, taking the state as a whole, there are lots of moderately-priced places to stay this year.

Take, for example, the inland Florida country-club-type resort which offers all the orange juice you can drink, a beach on a sizable lake, a room and three meals a day, all for seventy dollars a week—with two hours of free horseback riding and no greens fees on the local golf course as an added lure.

Not all the 191,000 rooms listed in 1942 for visitors are yet ready for occupancy, but the list is climbing daily as hotels return to civilian management and military posts are inactivated. Seventy-five million dollars in construction works have been O.K.'d, and $200,000,000 more are in the works.

Rentals for houses have been kept near prewar levels. Apartments (where available) go for from $400

to $800 for the four-month season on the east coast—the rate varying downward with the distance north of Miami and Palm Beach. Hotel rates, also held in line by OPA regulations, are, on the average, about $100 a week, with less elaborate ones charging as little as six dollars a day, including meals. All cities have European-plan hotels, and even on the Miami Beach gold coast there are medium-priced restaurants.

Food, by the way, is plentiful. Florida grows a lot and there is also the sea. Red snapper from the Gulf is best in Gulf-coast restaurants, of course, but pompano is good anywhere. Particularly recommended is the Florida "hush puppy," a sweetened corn-meal doughnut affair. Don't fret about the name. It comes from the hunter's guide who quieted his hunting dogs with morsels—but it is definitely delectable for humans.

GETTING home is still the biggest headache for the Florida vacationist. With streamliner reserved-seat coaches and Pullmans still jammed with homecoming troops, the railroads have a stupendous task. But the railroads have new trains on order and the Atlantic Coast Line may even get deliveries of a new streamliner before the winter is out. There are more planes making the southward hop—thirty-five ships of Delta's new Chicago-Miami run, extra service by Eastern, and a nonstop Miami-New York flight by National.

Probably motoring is your best bet this year, with gasoline back on the market in larger quantities. But if you're wise, you'll stay away from the cities on overnight stops. Arrange, if possible, to arrive each day in a small town early in the afternoon—the place and time accommodations are most likely to be available.

The motorist can bring along his own hotel, too—if he has a trailer. And Florida has long been a trailer owner's paradise. A group of regular trailer visitors have formed the Tin Can Tourists Association, Inc.—the name stemming from the fact that they eat canned foods instead of patronizing the expensive seaside restaurants.

Nearly every city has its Trailer Town, with sidewalks, electricity, water, a central dining room, and regular deliveries by butcher, baker, and iceman.

One mistake tourists make is to assume that Florida is chiefly a seaside resort. There is another Florida, in many ways a more fascinating—and certainly less expensive—Florida. It is the Florida of lakes. There are more than 30,000 of them, some with clear white sand beaches.

Most prominent of the lakes is Okeechobee, 700 square miles in area, the largest lake completely within the United States. It is shallow, nowhere more than fifteen feet deep, and its grass-grown bottom

(*Continued on page 78*)

The one that got away is always bigger in Florida. Ask this chap. And for families (below), it's a great place to play a little and pay a little.

PHOTOS FROM ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA FILMS

Now teaching tools—the projector, film and screen—are bringing the blackboard—and the pupils—to life.

# They Learn Faster by Seeing

## BY DARRELL HUFF

When war came along, millions of our young men had to learn new things in a hurry. The educational know-how we acquired is now ready for America's children. It promises fast and better teaching to match the new and faster age

THE kind of schooling grandpa got won't do for children living in an atomic age. Fortunately there are now available marvelous new ways of teaching geared to the new age.

They were, in fact, born of man's greatest and grimmest experiment in mass education, the overnight training of our armed forces for World War II.

But most of our children stand a fair chance of not benefiting from these new methods. Money, spent in such prodigious amounts to develop the atomic bomb, is not so quickly forthcoming to help equip our children for a new world. The only way the taxpayers and boards of education will wake up is by being made aware of just how superior the new methods are.

We can remedy our defects in education and go on to undreamed-of heights in the atomic age by loosening up the bank roll and taking advantage of them.

Come to one of the classrooms where modern methods are being used. Ordinary third graders are learning early American history through one of the new classroom techniques: sound movies.

The picture, called Colonial Children, had just ended. One boy said, "I noticed an old fighting spear like the knights used—what do you call it?"

"A halberd," said the teacher.

"This halberd was hanging over the fireplace, and a musket was standing by the door. In our house it's the musket that hangs over the fireplace."

"Why do you suppose that is?" asked the teacher.

Another boy answered: "The colonists needed to keep their guns handy on account of Indians, but we only have muskets to look at."

The teacher seized the opportunity to make a point. "That's right. When a thing is no longer useful, it is likely to become ornamental. The colonists hung old weapons over their fireplaces. Now that muskets are out of date, we hang them up to look at."

An eager little girl broke in to say, "Some of our laws ought to be hanging over the fireplace."

The teacher asked her to explain. Said the girl, "There's a law that to lead a cow through the streets of our town at night, you have to carry a lantern. I'll bet it's been a long time since . . ."

Does that sound like any third-grade discussion in your memory? Yet things like this are going on

in several thousand schools today, brought about by use of this most exciting educational tool—the classroom moving picture.

Classroom films were developing slowly until the war gave them the same tremendous push it has given so many other technologies. The Army had to make soldiers out of illiterates, radar operators out of high-school boys, and mechanics out of grocery clerks. Sheer necessity forced it to turn to new teaching methods. The most useful of them all was the sound film.

THINGS the armed forces learned about educational moving pictures are now being put to work in schools. A leading producer of classroom films is Encyclopaedia Britannica Films Inc.; its executive vice-president is Dr. V. C. Arnspiger, who served as a consultant to the Army Signal Corps.

The whole field may soon feel the impact of Mark H. Hawley's Intercontinental Audio Video Corporation, which is adding sound films and film strips to its present educational recordings. Hawley, a former radio network commentator, spent two and a half years in the Navy, producing training films and directing Admiral Nimitz's fleet motion-picture office. He is now loaded with plans for putting his knowledge to civilian use.

A manufacturer whose movie screens were used by the armed forces has made up a list of some 600 veterans who wish to turn their wartime experience to account in visual education. Such a body of trained men and women is bound to step up A-V (as audio-visual education is coming to be called). Meanwhile, teachers are expanding the possibilities of A-V.

These possibilities include more than sound film, though that alone is proving to be so valuable that one authority has described it as the "best teaching device since the invention of printing."

Auto-Visual is the springboard for many a lively classroom discussion.

One is the film strip used to project still pictures onto a screen or white wall. Though limited in their application, these strips do a few jobs as well as sound movies and cost very little. They are the modern counterpart of the old lantern slide.

Another device now coming into wide use for the first time is the sound recording. These are simply phonograph records made especially for classrooms. The Hawley organization produced them by the dozens before the war, recording skilled professional recitations of such schoolroom favorites as Barbara Frietchie and Patrick Henry's speeches. The Junior Leagues of America have adapted and recorded popular children's books.

Film strips and recordings are especially helpful to schools where small budgets or financial timidity prevent acquisition of sound-film equipment. Large records cost only a dollar or two apiece and the only other investment required is in a phonograph. Hawley hopes that a film-strip projector will soon be offered at about ten dollars. The price of a strip is calculated in pennies.

WHEN teachers talk about audio-visual methods, they are likely to shake their heads a little sadly over one of the oldest of these classroom aids. This is radio, a headache because the programs are not under the teacher's direct control.

The difficulty is that nationally broadcast programs usually come at times and cover subjects that do not fit in with the classroom schedule. For this reason, Columbia's American School of the Air has been switched to late afternoon, after fifteen years of morning broadcasting. Dr. Lyman Bryson of CBS has found that the program can reach more children out of their classrooms than in them.

All the same, radio is a growing part of schoolwork. National hook-ups will soon be no more than the supplement to hundreds of local programs designed to fit the specific needs of school systems. "Classroom broadcasting will be, within a few years, a general activity of all kinds of educational agencies," Dr. Bryson predicts.

The classroom as most of us remember it has already changed a good deal. Sound films are in such wide use that you could today find scenes like this in schools of every one of the forty-eight states:

The class is studying about wheat-farming regions of the Middle West. A girl wants to know more about the social life of farm girls. A city boy wonders how tractors and combines

(*Continued on page 80*)

Machines like this have vastly increased the pace of learning.

# Mama Boots 'Em Home

Want to train a winner? "You've got to use horse sense," says Mama, who does.

**BY**

**IRVING WALLACE**

*For lack of an interest in life, Mama Loeff turned to horse racing, and discovered thoroughbreds are suckers for female psychology. So now all the smart boys are confounded as she regularly turns the mother touch into the Midas touch*

EIGHT years ago, when Frank Orsatti, the actors' agent, was trying to dispose of an unmanageable racing stallion named Patriotic, Mrs. Theresa Loeff, a rarity, because she is one of the few women licensed to train thoroughbreds, said she might be able to handle the horse. Friends told her she was crazy. Mrs. Loeff went to work. In twelve months, Patriotic, who had refused to win a race, became the perfect gentleman. In a dozen races on the Western circuit he won seven without once unseating his jockey or biting a bystander.

The secret? Mrs. Loeff, who is fifty-five and a grandmother, shrugs. "You got to be psychological," she says. She has a theory, unique to the turf world, that most of a losing horse's ailments are not physical but mental. "Some horses are frustrated," she explains. "Others have inferiority complexes or become manic depressives." So Mrs. Loeff, a trainer now for five years, applies an equine version of psychiatry. She ferrets out each horse's mental disorder, and then attempts to cure it. And nine out of ten times she gets results.

Most of her maternal instinct is directed at her husband, Leo, her soldier son, Ted, and her granddaughter, Susan—but the surplus goes to her thoroughbreds. Few animals, let alone humans, can resist Mrs. Loeff's motherly touch.

Her motherly touch, for example, extends to the simpler physical ailments that race horses suffer. Particularly she has a shoe fetish. When a horse is wrong, she dives for his feet. Recently she bought a mediocre three-year-old named Surxtra. After one workout she found his plates didn't fit. In fact, he had the quadruped equivalent of bunions and corns. She ordered the old shoes off, and left Surxtra barefooted until his tootsies healed. After a new fitting, he became a breadwinner.

Every horse is bread and butter to Mrs. Loeff. She runs them for love and money. When they win, place, or show, she has a savings account. When they lose, she is in trouble. In one year of disaster she lost downward of $7,000. In a previous year, when she had a relatively large stable of thirty thoroughbreds, she netted about $25,000. Today she and her husband own five platers. She trains them herself. Her added income results from training five other colts—among them the two-year-old Sea Iron, son of Seabiscuit—for two competitor stables.

Mrs. Loeff's current financial status may best be determined by observing the earnings of her charges. For example, Fergie's Count is a healthy, somewhat elderly gentleman whose father, Reigh Count, won the Kentucky Derby in 1928.

Toiling for other owners, in 1944 Fergie's Count appeared in twelve races, and won only one. His total income was $1,150. At that time his owners regarded his value at about $3,500. Then Mrs. Loeff acquired him and the woman's touch made itself felt. In twenty-four races, Fergie's Count has earned $5,000 and his stated value is now $7,000.

Mrs. Loeff became a proletarian in the sport of kings at the age of forty-five. She had been raised in ol' Kentucky, having migrated there from Hungary as a child, but mention of bluegrass and Bradley stirred nothing in her. She was wedded to Leo Loeff, a Northwestern University law graduate who had discarded Blackstone for the challenge of the Daily Racing Form. However, Mrs. Loeff remained untainted by her environment.

Then in 1931 something literally happened inside her. She, with her husband and her son Ted, had been dwelling healthily in the California sun for six years. Suddenly Mrs. Loeff became ill. Her doctor told her it was gall bladder and complications. She ignored him, but by 1935 she was on the verge of a breakdown. Her doctor warned her to get away from it all or else.

She wound up in San Francisco, frayed and alone. In desperate search of relaxation, she made her appearance one day at Bay Meadows. There was the smell of grass and horses running and excitement. Mrs. Loeff stood hypnotized. Halfway through the card she wandered through the busy stable area. Soon she didn't feel ill any more. She was alive. She had found it.

SHE sent this wire to her husband in Los Angeles: SEND ME MONEY. AM GOING TO BUY RACE HORSE. LOVE. THERESA.

Mr. Loeff suspected his wife had fallen on her head, and he replied promptly in person. It developed that Mrs. Loeff, an innocent abroad, had fallen in love with a six-year-old gelding, a nominee for the glue factory named Bola Mola. Her husband, recalling that this animal had once cost him a juicy parlay, disapproved. She persisted, and the deal for Bola Mola was closed for $1,500.

It would make a nice success story to report that the new combine became the overnight sensation of the turf world. But Mrs. Loeff remained an amateur, Bola Mola a dog, and the turf world unafraid.

Mrs. Loeff sent her wonder horse to the races ten times. And ten times he failed to win. Then, small miracle, he scored a victory. It infected two of her friends, who chipped in with her for a second horse. Then Bola Mola won again, and with the money a third horse was bought. But bad luck shattered Mrs. Loeff's dream of glory. The two new thoroughbreds broke down and Bola Mola was all that was left of a three-horse stable.

Mrs. Loeff had learned much in a year, however, and some latent talent that told her what was right and wrong for a horse began acting on Bola Mola. He started winning regularly. From these miniature purses she laid aside $1,200. She studied the cheaper horses, spotted a bargain, and bought a scrawny item named Wee Santa. After some conditioning, Wee Santa galloped home first in eleven consecutive races. Mrs. Loeff was here to stay.

Overnight she began buying horses with an instinct and shrewdness that was the envy of every small horse owner in America. She couldn't afford to waste time and money on yearlings. She acquired full-grown horses, unsuccessful and sometimes poorly regarded horses, claimed them at cheap prices and developed them into money-makers.

This is perhaps Mrs. Loeff's greatest genius: claiming horses. Claiming is the least publicized of turfdom's mysteries. A typical racing card packs eight races in an afternoon. If all these races were wide open, a wealthy owner might have one $50,000 steed in each race, and poorer owners would have small chance to win with their $3,000 colts. Thus, to prevent a Man o' War competing against a Bola Mola, the turf clubs have designed races for cheaper valued horses. These are "claiming races." A $3,000 claiming race means that each entry may be claimed or purchased by any other owner for $3,000. This restriction prevents a Louis B. Mayer, for example, from entering his great filly, Busher, in a $3,000 claiming event. Busher, already the greatest money-winning female in turf history, would win against the cheaper animals, but Mr. Mayer might lose her to Mrs. Loeff for $3,000. So Mr. Mayer keeps Busher in the big stake races and enters only his less highly regarded animals in the claiming races.

WHY should any owner want to claim another's cheap horse? The answer is simple. Seabiscuit was once regarded as a cheap horse. He was entered in a $6,500 claiming race. Anyone could have grabbed him for that fee. Yet, a short time later, he developed into a champion. There are plenty of examples like that in racing.

With this in mind, Mrs. Loeff studies competitor horses. She learns a miserably performing thoroughbred is running in a $2,500 claiming race. She appears in the racing sec-

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Mama babies 'em, humors 'em, listens to their troubles—just as unbelievably, they win!

The Camera Eye

# From WAVE to Glamor Girl on $200

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

"CIVILIAN clothes are our major problem," says pretty Louise Lanceford Middagh, specialist recruiter in the Navy for two years. "We plan to pay more than B. S. [Before Service] because we're used to well-cut, good-quality Navy clothes."

Louise's choice of civvy fashions will have to fit her postwar life on a Texas university campus and her mustering-out pay of $200. She's going back so that her husband, Bill, a pilot in the Navy Air Corps, can get his college degree.

To help ex-service girls assemble their wardrobes, many stores in the country are sponsoring special shops, with fashions keyed to the mustering-out-pay budget.

DOUBLE DUTY. Wear a blouse and this two-piece dress becomes a suit. Note the anti-uniform fashion points: fancy pockets, tight short jacket, deep square armholes, contrasting stitching.

STRICTLY FEMININE for parties on the campus or at home. This dress has everything that a uniform doesn't have: revealing neckline, tight-fitting bodice, and a soft gathered skirt.

PHOTOS BY EDELMANN-MURAY STUDIOS
FASHIONS BY FILENE'S, BOSTON

NOT FOUR DRESSES . . . just one! "I think every WAVE will prefer one good basic dress instead of four cheap ones," says Louise. "We're keen about good fabric, good lines, good tailoring." Louise inspects store models showing a basic dress. By changing accessories, it plays the part of four different dresses.

DREAM DRESS . . . definitely not part of the $200 budget but the family's welcome-home. Only WAVES with overseas service, who get $300, could afford to splurge like this!

DRESSY COAT is light beige, a welcome change after two solid years of Navy blue. But that Navy topcoat will be altered for everyday civilian use.

# The Jackknife

**He had been everywhere and had seen much adventure. But the things he remembered were hardly more amazing than a little thing he had never forgotten**

*Liberty's* SHORT SHORT STORY

**BY T. F. HEALEY**

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

IT was a big day for our village when Rory O'More came home from the sea. He had gone on a spree and ended up in the navy, the neighbors said, in the first World War, and had never returned until the fates drove him homewards again after the second World War.

In all that time there was never a word from him, so that most came to think he was drowned in some green hell of the wide ocean, while a few held that Rory was not a man to die before his time and that he was alive and seeking his fortune in the rich, far places of the earth, maybe having found it to forget entirely the sweet, fair land of his birth.

So when one fine day he was seen limping up the street, there was a great to-do. Housewives ran to their half doors, old men gasped, dogs barked, and donkeys brayed. Never was such a pother in the village before.

Only, Rory had no fortune, coming back as he had gone, and that was penniless. For all his years away, he had nothing to show for it save the clothes on his back; and it was lucky, they said, that he found a sister still living to take him in. But nobody minded that, for thinking how rich he was in the wealth of the grand adventures he had had and in the great stories about them tumbling around in his mind. And wasn't a good story in Ireland more gold than gold any day?

The fact was that Rory had the village in thrall. Well he knew it, too; he strutted around like a turkey cock, and everywhere he went they put a welcome before him. The big trouble was that it wasn't so easy to get a story out of him, for he had so much to tell that he never knew quite where to begin. Besides, he was a bit touched in the head, they said; and there was a big dent in his skull where he had been hit with a marlinspike during a mutiny in the Indian Ocean.

So they thought the best thing to do was to bring him to call on Malachi Michael O'Hanrahan, the village oldster, who, with the wise Gaelic in him, had much of the lore of the race and was ninety-odd years, and who had known Rory well when he was a young gossoon. And they poured out the golden Irish whisky, the better to draw one of Rory's stories out of him.

"Och, Rory, my lad, a hundred thousand welcomes to you, and we thinking you cold in the deep, and nobody to give you a wake but the mermaids," said Malachi Michael.

"Well, my time wasn't come," said Rory simply.

"And 'tis the power of the grand stories you must have surely," went on Malachi Michael, "and yourself having followed the wind and wave and the wandering flame over the seven seas and over the hills and the droums and grassy billows of many lands, the way great Homer himself wouldn't be in it with you."

It was a fine compliment from Malachi Michael, every one in the house thought, to put Rory in the right mood. But Rory sniffed in scorn.

"Stories! Stories, is it?" he said. "Sure, I've stories on top of stories, but where'd I begin? Oh, boys, oh, boys, the sights I've seen would make you all go daft to be hearing them, till you'd be hounding me and pestering me till the end of my days for more, you would. Sure, sure, I've seen everything."

The house was hushed now, waiting to hear a tale out of the glorious Iliad of his wanderings.

"Sure, I've seen them all," he went on, "the countries and the provinces and the isles and the islets, the peninsulies and the archipeligies, from the Rhine to the Amyzone, from Cayro to Calcutty and from Frisco to Ishtanboole. Oh, boys, oh, boys, is it the Tadgy McHale you want me to tell you about, and it set on a lake of silver and gold, and the marble courts with the white fountains, or the stairways you'd be climbing to see the little brown gods of the East? Boys, oh, boys, when I think of the lands of gold—"

Malachi Michael cut him short, to the disappointment of everyone. "Gold is it?" he said. "And why didn't you bring some of it back with you?"

Rory drank, pursed his lips, and looked in disdain at the rafters.

"I had scads of gold, only, what with the drink and the devil, I spent it, and it went through my hands like water under the mill. Sure didn't I have gifts and tokens and spoils of gold galore, but what did I care! I lost everything I had, and when did an O'More ever give a damn about anything like that! But where was I now? In Madras or in Samarkand? You'd be hounding me till the end of my days to be telling you the—"

"'Tis the wild devil you always were," broke in Malachi Michael, "and you riding life withershins and in the high boot."

"There was the time when," continued Rory, ignoring him—"but where was I now, in Algiers or in Singypoore? No, be damned to it, 'twas in Rangoon where— Pass me that bottle till I tell you."

THE house jumped the seas with him and waited quietly until he filled his tumbler. But Malachi Michael broke the spell again by bringing his thoughts back home.

"Isn't it the good thing, Rory, to be back in the sod of your birth and to feel the turf strength under your feet?"

Rory fidgeted. "Ah, well," he said, "sure I came home only at the heel of the hunt and to die in the end maybe as soft as any old cow in a boghole, and all you'll be saying after me is asking if you'll get your bellyful of the whisky at my wake. But 'tis go away again I would now, save for the rheumatiz in my bones. But where was I now when—"

"'Twas in Rangoon, Rangoon!" the house shouted as one.

"Rangoon, was it? Let me have that bottle, and sure I feel like perishing it all. Rangoon was a place I'll be long forgetting, for 'twas where I got the diamond to make me rich as a maharajy himself, only a woman crossed my path and finagled it out of me, bad cess to her."

"Och, 'twas the greenhorn you were surely," said Malachi Michael. "Did you lose your senses along with everything else?"

"Tell us the story about the woman and the diamond, Rory," went up a plea from the house.

"The back of my hand to her," said Rory. "May she marry a ghost and bear him a kitten, and may the High King of Glory give her the gout. She fooled me, she did, and by the holy brow of Buddha, she—"

And now a great murmur of disapproval went up as Malachi Michael broke in again, pointing the shank of his clay pipe at Rory.

"Is it Buddha you swear by now?" he thundered. "And is it a pagan you are and not Irish at all, saving your brogue, God bless it! Och, to speak in fewness and truth, 'tis more than your fortune you lost, Rory O'More."

Rory paused and pursed a scornful underlip. "My respects to you, Malachi Michael," he said, "but what would yourself be knowing about it that never went anywhere out of the barony? And is it crying after this little patch of a place you'd have me be, and myself going over the great foreign world this thirty years and more?"

"The winds of the world don't always blow wisdom into a man's head," said Malachi Michael, "and maybe the wisest men are those who stay home. But 'tis a long time surely you've been gone. I don't suppose now you'd be remembering the day you left, would you?"

"'Tis a long ways back you go, taxing my memory," replied Rory in a great silence of disappointment, for by this time the house had given up all hope of a story. "But where was I now when you interrupted me, in Oiran or in Zanzybare? No, 'twas in Timbuktu, was it?"

"WOULD you be remembering the present we gave you, and you leaving?" asked Malachi Michael.

"Present? Present? Pass me that bottle," said Rory.

"Och, sure the fine jacknife we gave you the day you left us, for winning that hurling game against Ardhoona and upholding the honor of our little village."

"A game was it?" mumbled Rory.

"You played hell-for-leather that day, Rory, like a hero of old, and drove in the winning goal, and all for our little village. But I suppose you've long forgot all about it."

Rory paused and swallowed his tumbler of whisky. He looked over at Malachi Michael; an old memory filled his sea-sad eyes, and the music of a wistful smile played over his weathered face.

"For the little village I was born in," he said softly, as if to himself. "It reminds me now, and 'twas well you mentioned it, Malachi Michael, for that I kept and still have here in the same place all the days of my willful life. I lost everything else, but sure I never lost that, and here it is now."

Rory fumbled a bit, fished in his jacket, and pulled the jackknife from a pocket.

"By the scepter of Patrick," laughed Malachi Michael, "if that isn't the great story itself and better than all your foreign ones, Rory!"

"Well, now," muttered Rory—"well—well, maybe."

"And let us bring out more of the whisky and the glad tobacco. We'll wet that story and drink to it this night for a merrimented time."

And there was a great hush on the house.

THE END

Malachi Michael broke in again. "Is it a pagan you are," he thundered, "and not Irish at all, saving your brogue, God bless it!"

# High Tide

Daylight was only fading, not quite gone, and they could stay till dark. The ocean, the rocks, the quiet dusk belonged to them alone. Adin stretched out, his head in Cyrilly's lap.

# BY NAOMI LANE BABSON

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

"I DON'T care whether the tide is high or not. You'll do up those dishes before you go one step," Sarah Gage declared, trying to sound as if she really thought so. She looked across the kitchen at Cyrilly, twelve years old that summer of 1931, and pretty enough to make your heart turn over, what with the pride and the responsibility. Too pretty for her own good, as like as not. Black hair that curled all over her head, in spite of being cut off short as a boy's; black eyes, and cheeks like the Jack roses out in the yard—but she was brown as an Indian and thin as a rail. Not quite that thin. Sarah's eyes lingered on budding curves easy enough to see if you looked for them. Have to put the kid into bras, come time for school. Girls grew up fast. An old anguish stirred briefly in her breast. I want things to be different this time, she thought. And she said suddenly, "I've a mind to make you stay home and help can pears this afternoon, instead of chasing round with that gang from the cottages."

"I'm going swimming right now," Cyrilly said. "I'll put the dishes to soak and do them afterwards, see? Because we have to swim when the tide is right."

"You're every bit as stubborn as your mother!"

The assumption that George and Sarah Gage were her real parents always broke down when grandma got mad, and Cyrilly had known the truth for a long time. There was a framed photograph of her mother on the piano in the parlor—dark hair in a pompadour, a dimpling smile, and soft white shoulders rising from a cloud of tulle. Her name was Marjorie, and she had died of the flu in 1919, when her baby daughter was a few months old. But there was no picture of Cyrilly's father, who had been a soldier in the war and had not returned from it. All that he left her was her fanciful first name, for Lieutenant Cyril Jackson had neglected to marry pretty Marjorie Gage before he marched away to be killed in France.

These distressing circumstances did not weigh heavily on Cyrilly's spirit at twelve. Life was the way you found it. Some people had one thing and some another. Jennie Tillson's squint. Mona Pritchard's thick legs. There wasn't a one of them she would change places with. And not with the kids from the cottages either, though they were summer people and therefore rich. Val Renfrew wore those horrid heavy braces on her teeth. Hope Hillyer's blonde hair was so fine and thin her scalp showed through like a baby's. Only Adin was exactly right. But he was a boy, and Cyrilly Gage didn't want to swap places with any boy.

THE screen door banged behind her. Cyrilly was late. The rest of the crowd didn't have to bother with housework and stuff. They came from the summer homes out on the Point. Most of the summer places were on the other side of town, where there were sandy beaches for swimming. But Cyrilly's crowd preferred the rocks. No one bothered them there. The small enchanted summer world was all their own.

Cyrilly scrambled across the flat stone ledges, unbuttoning the cotton dress she wore over her bathing suit. "Hi, gang!" she yelled. "Hi-yah." They were already in the water except for Adin. He had waited for her, as he always did. They liked to dive one after the other from Chimney Rock, taking the cold kiss of the water in the same moment. The deep sense of special comradeship between them went so far back in memory they never really thought of it at all.

"Hi, Adin," Cyrilly said.

"Hi there."

Adin Lerrigo was fourteen, but small for his age. The high lights in his hair had the same luster as ripe horse chestnuts, and his hazel eyes changed color from brown to gray. He wore glasses sometimes, but not for swimming. His short straight nose was freckled and there was a dimple in his chin. Cyrilly thought that he was beautiful—the handsomest boy in the world, and the nicest, too. She sat down beside him on the sun-warmed red-brown stone.

"Swell day," she said.

"You bet. The water looks like silk, and I bet it's warmer than usual."

"I bet it is."

Waves slapped at the rocks; a faint heat haze hung over the horizon; the sky was marked by the smoke of a distant steamer, and nearer shore George Gage was busy around his lobster pots. The Renfrews and the Hillyers and Paul Lerrigo swam and shouted at one another.

"Well, I guess we may as well go in," Adin said.

"I guess we had."

Adin dived first. His legs opened frogwise, and the splash he made sprang up in a lacy silver fan. But Cyrilly cut the water like a knife. The cold shock made her tingle with delight; she knew no other joy so intense as this. Her seal-black dripping head came up beside Hope Hillyer's scarlet cap, and she lay on her back, treading water easily. "I bet I can beat you all from here to the Sea Lion rock," Cyrilly said.

"You can't beat me," Hope answered.

"I can too!"

"You can't, because I'm not competing," Hope answered smoothly. "It's too utterly childish. Next year, when we can swim in the club pool, races might be fun. They have a water carnival and give prizes and stuff. It's really keen."

PAUL LERRIGO swam under water and grabbed Hope's ankles. Her bland egg face disappeared without warning, and Cyrilly let a vague discomfort drift out of memory. Next year was a long time off. And the kids didn't want to swim over at the club. They liked the Point lots better. They said so.

The tide went slowly out and the humped sea-weedy rocks stuck up black snouts. She and Adin went to look for Chinaman's-caps in the pools left by the tide. The small striped caps clung tight against the rock. They were just darling. They

(*Continued on page 52*)

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

# Miss Moffatt

# Steps Out

For the first time in more years than Miss Moffatt cared to remember, a man had talked to her. It was an event in a day of events. Is it surprising that she was inspired to do things she had never done before?

**BY MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS**

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

MISS MOFFATT went to bed excited. She had corrected all the history papers, and the next day, Saturday, was to be festive. She had decided definitely to go downtown to watch the parade. History was being made, and she could bring a greater enthusiasm to her classes if she shared in the city's moment of glory. The state division was home from the wars. She expected to be wakeful; but she slept soundly after all. The band woke her up at nine o'clock. She put on her rayon dressing gown and took the curlpapers out of her hair before going to the window.

The parade itself would not leave the courthouse until eleven. She moved the burlap screen from one corner of her bedroom, unscrewed the light bulb in a standing lamp and screwed in the two-cup coffee percolator. She looked out in the hall to see if her neighbor, Mrs. Gwynn, who went to her office at eight o'clock, had put out her newspaper for her. The newspaper was not in sight. The morning paper with her breakfast, on holidays, was a luxury, and she could not help being disappointed. She thought, If I get a raise some day, I'll *subscribe* to the paper. She made her bed and cleared the rickety card table on which she worked and ate, made two pieces of toast on a grill over the single-burner gas plate, hesitated, then spread the table with her best linen cloth and brought from the clothes cupboard the jar of strawberry jam she had brought back from her week in the country.

If only she had the newspaper, breakfast would be a real party. But Miss Moffatt would not allow her disappointment to spoil the morning. And what a lovely October morning! The maples were turning, and one branch, yellow and red, stretched close enough to her window so that by sitting a little to one side she could see it. The sky was robin's-egg blue, the air was crisp without being cold, the sun touched one corner of the window sill, and sparrows twittered as though the season were spring. She pulled the card table to the far side of the window so that she could watch the maple bough, then she set the percolator and the plate of toast on the table, and replaced the screen to hide the corner.

I do like things nice, she thought, and she had a moment of pride that she managed to live so nicely. She considered combing her hair before sitting down, but decided that was carrying things too far. She ate slowly, greatly enjoying the strawberry jam. It was a very small jar indeed, and reluctantly she ate only half of it, saving the rest for another occasion. "Something else may happen, and I'd feel so badly if I had eaten *all* the jam."

She changed to her old wool dressing gown before washing the dishes. The roominghouse maid would probably skip her room, as she often did on Saturday, and she brought out her broom and dustpan from the cupboard and brushed up and dusted, although there was really no dirt in the room. But she would hate to come back from the parade and not have things neat. She took clean underwear from the dresser and tiptoed down the hall to the bathroom, since others might be sleeping late on Saturday. The hot water had had time to catch up after the early baths. She scrubbed the tub, then drew it full of steaming water. She tied her hand towel around her head so that her hair would not come uncurled.

SHE dressed carefully, hesitating between her brown everyday suit and her print dress. She decided on the print, although her topcoat was shabby. The day would probably be warm and she could carry the coat over her arm. She was ready a little after ten. If she had had the paper to read, she would have come out exactly even. She looked at herself in the small mirror over the dresser. She felt pleasant, she felt almost pretty, and then the mirror betrayed her. The gold spectacles were unbecoming, no question of it, but buying new ones was unthinkable. The hair was so thin that she seemed all face. The face was bony, gray from the years of eating cheap foods that could be warmed up over the one gas burner. She thought, I just don't believe I eat properly. I'm such a strange color. But her salary was small, and fear of losing her job always hung over her, so that she saved most of her pay for a rainy day. She seemed to remember a time when she had been pretty. That had been in grade school, at the age of the children she now instructed. She had even had two beaus who competed to walk home with her and carry her books. It was a long time ago. She was fifty-two. That would make it more than forty years ago.

Interrupting her soliloquy, suddenly she thought, Why, I don't have to wait! I can go now.

SHE gave a final straightening to the tufted bedspread, locked the door behind her, and set out to walk downtown. She strolled along slowly, looking in shop windows. The day was surely warming up, and she took off her coat and hung it over her left arm and felt neat and proper in her print dress. She decided not to go all the way to the courthouse. It seemed as though the parade would last longer if she met it halfway. It would be horrid to see it start out, then trail away into nothingness. The crowd was gathering and she took a place at the front of the curb. Two of her pupils raced by. She called gaily, "Hello!" The boys seemed not to recognize her. One jostled the other and they laughed boisterously. One did not speak at all. The other said, "Hey, Miss Moffatt," and they ran on.

She heard a thumping of drums far up the street. Then a flute began an air, thin and high, and the heavier instruments of the band came in, and there was music, a march of Sousa's. Miss Moffatt shivered with pleasure. It seemed

(*Continued on page 58*)

The sergeant lifted one hand high and his face shone. A girl with a corsage was making her way to him. Miss Moffatt felt suddenly faint.

I can see he's thinking about his gang. "You'll build up a new gang in Glendale," I tell him. "I bet you have a swell outfit."

**Well, it's happened. Herbert's dad is home from the Navy. Will the great team of Rocky and the kid—pardners in a thousand perilous adventures—be split up? Or will another member be added to**

# A Winning Combination?

I STAGGER out of the Tivoli, groggy from a twin horror bill with zombies, mad scientists, and tin monsters slinking through the dark alleys of my mind. I turn my coat collar up against the snow, but a few damp flakes sneak in, then thaw and trickle down my neck, cold as the fingers of Boris Karloff's death-grip. Herbert yanks his knitted cap down over his ears, rubs his red mitts together.

"Well, pardner," I says, "looks like we're in for a real blow."

The kid pokes his freckled face up at the storm, and nods. Suddenly we're rocketing thousands of miles from Eighty-fifth and Butternut on a mental magic carpet. We're pretending that we're panning gold in Alaska. Our dogs have played out. We've had to abandon our sled. We're lost. Our number's up. And we know it.

"Used to be a cabin round here," I says. "Belonged to Gold-Button Gus."

"Rocky," the kid says grimly, "we'll never make it."

"We *gotta* make it." I reach in my pocket for our last bar of chocolate. I split it, slipping the kid the big half. This has got to last us a mighty long time. "Look over there. Ain't that the cabin?"

The kid shakes his head. "It's a mirage," he says.

"That's for deserts."

"Snow, too."

I swallow the last of my chocolate. It sticks in my throat. I get to talking about Gold-Button Gus. I'm lightheaded, delirious.

"I remember the day Gold-Button struck it rich," I tell the kid. "He rolled into town with nuggets spilling out of every pocket, and first thing he did was to buy himself a check suit with solid gold buttons, and then he hired himself a boat to take him to Seattle, not another soul on the boat, just Gus and the crew. When he got to Seattle he rented a whole hotel, just so's he could sleep in a different room every night, and one morning he started throwing ten-dollar gold pieces out of a sixth-floor window; said he liked to watch the people scramble for 'em.

"Well, sir, when old Gus finally got back to Nome he didn't have a dime, just that suit with the gold buttons, and it didn't take him more'n a week to drink up his buttons. Then he hoisted his pack, hitched up his dogs, and went out to stake another claim. Poor Gus. They found him next spring, frozen to a quart of rye, and his gold-button suit was pinned on him with safety pins. Old prospectors, they always die broke."

My pardner shakes his head. "Rocky," he says, "if we gotta go like this, I'm glad it's you 'n' me. Together."

We shake hands. We wait for the traffic light to change. We turn down Butternut Street.

The street's so quiet I can hear the whistling of the kid's corduroy pants, and our shoes crunch the snow with a sound like that made by eating puffed wheat. Herbert buttons his leather flying jacket up around his neck, grinning at me, his freckled face red and raw with cold. I hold my hand up, making an O out of my thumb and forefinger. It's our lucky sign, and it reminds me of all the things we've been through together in the two years since Kate and I first took over the kid so his dad, Kate's widower brother, could help the Navy tidy up the Pacific. We've dug foxholes in the garden, invented death rays in the basement, mounted machine guns on the front porch, and, by saving a hundred Korn Krunchie box tops, we've both become senior deputies of Dusty Dalton's Prairie Patrol.

"Well, Rocky," the kid says when we turn into our snug little cabin in the Meadow Park hills, "we made it."

Herbert swings open the front door, then suddenly stops cold. There on the console is a naval officer's cap. We can hear Kate talking, and then a man's laugh. The kid hesitates a moment, glancing up at me, stunned. Then he breaks and runs into the living room, shouting, "Dad! Dad!"

BY midnight Herbert's so sleepy he can hardly sit up, but he's determined to stick it out because he's so afraid of missing something, and Kate's too happy at Herb's homecoming to care about the kid's losing a little shut-eye. Herb's brought along a flock of presents for everybody—silk stockings and a shawl for Kate, a bottle of twelve-year-old whisky for me, and a Jap battle flag, a samurai sword, and a fistful of occupation money for Herbert. The kid couldn't have been any happier if Mr. Vinson had just turned the mint over to him for the week-end.

I POUR another round of beers, with a coke for the kid, while Herb tells us about a funny thing that happened to him on Okinawa. And all the time he's talking I keep trying to connect this tall tanned warrior Herb with the civilian Herb I used to know. After his wife died, Kate and I spent a summer with Herb in California, and I remember how he'd come home nights so tired it was pitiful to see him sitting there in his living room like a prisoner staring out the window at nothing. He seemed to be glad to have us that summer, but I always had the feeling he'd rather have been alone in his cell, and the only reason he kept begging us to stay on was that it was good for Herbert to have somebody around who saw that the kid ate balanced meals and got to bed.

"Have you been behaving yourself?" Herb asks, putting his arm around the kid, and Herbert grins, looking from Kate to me.

"Well," Kate says, smiling, "at first we didn't always eat our salad, but we do now. Don't we, Herbert?"

"I eat lettuce like a rabbit," the kid says.

"And it shows," Herb says. "You look swell."

I polish off the last of my beer, then motion to Kate. "We'd better go up the ladder and fix a bunk topside for the commodore."

"Oh," Herb grins, "I can just curl up right here on the deck."

Kate starts upstairs and I tag along behind her, figuring Herb would like to be alone with the kid

(*Continued on page 64*)

**"Navy Cross," Herbert says, pointing to a blue ribbon with a white stripe.**

**BY**

**JOHN D. WEAVER**

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD BOWIE

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# ENRICO CARUSO

## *His Life and Death*

### BY DOROTHY CARUSO

**Dorothy Caruso writes of her husband, the great singer — "He was the greatest person in the world — and he sang too." This is the true and poignant story of a great love and a perfect marriage. It is also the warmly human portrait of a large-hearted and fun-loving figure who is almost a legend today.**

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

*ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN*

*The drawings by Caruso appear through the courtesy of Marziale Sisca, publisher of Caricatures by Enrico Caruso.*

WE had been driving all day through the hot dust of August over the long road between Florence and Genoa.

The car we were driving was old and noisy, but it was the only one the revolutionists had left us for the journey to Genoa. We were sailing for America the next day because it was no longer possible to live in our Tuscan villa. Although the war had been over for nearly a year, there was no internal peace in Italy in the summer of 1919.

Unrest had spread even to our little town of Signa, forty miles from Florence. Six hundred of the peasants, now sullen and hungry and without work, had come to the villa, broken down the iron gates and demanded our grain, wine and olive oil, which were stored in the cellars. Enrico received their leader and asked for their right of search from the mayor. "We are the mayor," they answered. He didn't argue but merely said he would appreciate their leaving us one of the cars and enough food for the next ten days, after which time we would be sailing for America. They were going to take our poultry, too, until Enrico told them about my white peahen—she was setting on twelve eggs, due to hatch that day if she wasn't disturbed. Their muttering broke into laughter. "The *signora* is a peasant like us," they said, and left without going near the poultry farm. They carried away the oil, wine and grain in carts flying red flags and sold everything for whatever the hungry people would pay. Later they sent us this money—a pitiful little bag of coppers—with a dignified note of regret and gratitude.

BECAUSE of Enrico's assurance and resourcefulness I hadn't been frightened by our local revolution; yet we had spent such a disquieting summer in Signa that I didn't altogether regret our sudden departure, although I loved


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the Villa Bellosguardo. It had been built in the fifteenth century on the crest of a hill within a park of pools, statues, formal gardens and long avenues of ancient cypress trees. The property was so vast that we had no close neighbors, and the outside world came to us only through the sleepy sound of an old monastery bell five miles away.

Enrico bore all the expenses of the estate and in addition gave the farmers half the produce of the land in return for their labors. When he was away from Signa he left the villa in charge of Martino, his old valet, who had been in his service for twenty-two years and had recently been promoted to the position of major-domo. Nothing in life mattered to Martino but the comfort and happiness of his idol.

Enrico's accompanist came every morning from Florence and they worked in the music room for three hours. I was often lonely at Signa, though never alone. Twenty-one people lived with us; a few were guests, the rest relatives. At first I couldn't tell them apart, as I spoke no

Italian and they knew no English. Enrico's two sons, Fofo and Mimmi, joined us, accompanied by Mimmi's English governess, Miss Saer, who had brought up the boy. I soon came to know Enrico's brother Giovanni and their stepmother, Donna Maria.

Fofo, Enrico's elder son, was twenty-three, had been a private in the army and was still in uniform. Mimmi was a large heavy boy of fourteen, dressed in a white sailor suit, and always with his governess. The fact that the boys were Enrico's natural sons, to whom he had legally given his name, and that their mother was living in South America, had never troubled me.

I never discovered the exact relationship of many of the other people who lived with us in Signa as a matter of course, since Enrico was head of the family. I never asked him if he liked having them, because I never asked him unnecessary questions. We all ate in a great ceremonious banquet hall, a beautiful and imposing room. The relatives ate mountains of spaghetti and steaming caldrons of codfish; we had little cups of clear bouillon and the white meat of chicken. I sat next to Enrico, as usual. Even when we dined out in New York he always asked our hostess if we might sit together—"Else, dear madame," he would say, "we cannot come. You see, I can sit by her if we stay at home and I married Doro to be near her."

Enrico's other valet, Mario, served only us at table in the villa; other servants served the relatives. I liked Mario. Seventeen years before he had been a railway-station porter. Enrico had been pleased by the way he carried his bag and had asked him immediately if he would like to work for him. Since then they had been all over the world together. Early in the summer Mario told me that he had been engaged to Brunetta for nine years but that Enrico wouldn't let them marry. He begged me to speak for him—"because now the *signore* is so happy with his wife." When I asked Enrico he frowned. "No," he said, "no man can serve two masters. The wife of my valet would be the head of my house, and I would have no valet." I asked him again after the peasant uprising and he yielded. "Mario may go three days before us if he wishes to marry. Then he and his wife will meet us on the boat. But I don't wish to see or hear of her. In America she will be your responsibility." As he turned back to his desk he added, "And remember—no babies."

THE *Dante* was an unpretentious little ship, but we had the captain's quarters and our own small deck. During the voyage I saw no one but Enrico, my maid Enrichetta, Mario and Mimmi.

Sitting day by day on the little boat deck, I tried to put my confused thoughts in order—so much had happened to me in so short a time. Just one year ago I was still living in father's house, where I had been ever since leaving the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Until that year—I was seventeen—I hadn't known my father, Park Benjamin, well. When he had married my young mother he was a widower with three children, and he was past forty-five when my brother, their first child, was born. After my birth, sixteen months later, mother was always delicate, and as a child I don't remember seeing either of my parents except at breakfast and in the evening to say good night. My childhood was spent in the nursery with my brother and our nanny, who watched over and loved us until we were old enough to go away to school. During those years I learned that father had served under Admiral Farragut during the Civil War, and that before he was twenty he had resigned from the Navy. At twenty-eight he was editor of the *Scientific American* and a few years later began to study law. At the time of my birth he had become a brilliant patent lawyer, an authority on naval matters, the author of important books on electricity, and a good amateur portrait painter.

By the time I was eleven mother had become an invalid and could no longer live in New York; the doctors decided that she must go to the quiet country away from us all. My brother was sent to boarding school and I to the Convent. After I had been there four years it was decided that I would keep house for father. The years of worry over mother's health and the responsibility of five children must have embittered him, for there was nothing left of the popular, amusing and affectionate man whom my sister had often described.

Had my father loved me he might have borne with me. Unfortunately he didn't even like me, and his impatience was unconcealed and uncontrolled. I couldn't explain his dislike of me except that I bored him.

After a year he could no longer support, alone, my trembling presence and he invited my cousin's governess, Miss B., to come and live with us. She was an Italian woman of thirty who sang. Although father announced that she was to be my companion, I soon saw that her role was to amuse him. With delight he listened to her sing and she listened to him play the pianola. Since they both loved music and, according to father, I didn't, he took her with him to concerts and the opera. I had heard only one opera, *Lohengrin*, when I was eight years old, and no concerts at all. I had no money for opera tickets and father had refused my timid appeal for a small allowance. One night after returning from a performance of *Carmen* at the Metropolitan, father clarioned his satisfaction for two hours. So the next day I took out of his bibelot cabinet a little silver windmill and sold it for a dollar to buy standing room for the next matinee of *Carmen*, and thus saw Caruso for the first time. But I was too frightened by what I had done to enjoy the singing, and came away unimpressed.

Miss B. had lived with us for six years when she said one day, "I'm going to a christening party. The baby's father is a famous singing teacher, and Caruso is going to be the godfather. You can come to the reception if you like." I accepted gratefully and wondered which of my two dresses I would wear. I decided on a light blue silk and a large wine-red hat.

The guests hadn't come back from the church when I arrived. I waited along at the top of the stairs, and presently the front door opened and I heard excited laughter and Italian words. A man in a big fur-collared coat came in and the "s" in "Caruso" hissed up at me. He was

the first to come up the stairs. He stopped halfway and stood looking at me. In that long instant I knew that I was going to marry him.

Miss B. introduced us in her shrillest manner, in loud Italian. Caruso replied in quiet English. I gathered that she was asking him to dinner. He waited for her to finish, then said to me, "It is at your father's house, *signorina?*" I managed to say, "Yes, Mr. Caruso."

On the day of the dinner Caruso arrived with a great cloak flung across one shoulder and an enormous blue felt hat. He wore a suit of powder blue with velvet lapels, a soft cream shirt, flowing Windsor tie, white socks and black patent pumps. (This was his costume in the opera *Julien*. He confided later, "I wore it so you would remember me.")

At dinner he paid no special attention to me but talked chiefly to father, and always in English. A few days afterward he sent us three tickets to hear him in *Aida*. The seats were in the front row, over the drums.

After that he came to dine often. Miss B. talked and talked about music, and so did father. Enrico listened. He continued to send us opera tickets, always over the drums. Father didn't like that at all, but he didn't say so to Caruso.

Sometimes Enrico took Miss B. and me motoring. She had explained that I was included only because in his country it wasn't correct for an unmarried woman to drive alone with a man. He sat between us and told us stories of his life—always in English.

We came in from driving one February afternoon, after we had known Enrico for nearly three months. Since I was going out again to dine with some old family friends, he offered to drop me off at their house. He helped me into his car, gave the address to the chauffeur, sat down beside me and said, "Now, Doro, when can we be married?"

MANY times during the months Enrico had been received in our house father said, "I don't see why Caruso likes to come here—he is obviously not in love with Miss B., and he treats you like a child."

On the day Enrico called, formally, to ask father's consent I was trembling with fright. I listened to their interview through the hot-air heater that connected my room with the library. After they had greeted each other I heard Enrico say, "I come to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage." There was a pause and father said, "Well, well, well." I think he was too surprised to say no.

Miss B.'s attitude toward me changed from the moment she learned of the engagement. She accused me of knowing that she herself was in love with Caruso and vowed she would find a way to prevent the marriage.

We had taken a house in Spring Lake for the summer, and Enrico often came to spend week ends with us.

Ever since father had given his consent to our marriage he had welcomed Enrico to the house with warm affection and looked forward to his weekly visits with pleasure. Miss B.'s attitude, when we were all together, was affable; but whenever we were alone she repeated her warning. Then one morning in August father showed me a letter from his lawyer furnishing him with information we already knew regarding Enrico's family and fortune. It contained superlative praise for his character and his immense contributions to war charities, and ended with profuse congratulations to father.

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" I cried.

"No, it is not," father said. "It looks very black. He can never again set his foot across my portal!"

I was astounded. Not having any idea of what was in his mind, I wrote Enrico immediately to stay away until I could find out. Father stopped speaking to me and held long conferences with Miss B. in the library.

A week later he sent for me and announced, "I have decided you may marry Caruso after all, but only if he settles half a million dollars on you—and in cash."

In a flash I saw the whole plan. It wasn't a question of money, as father had plenty. Miss B. must have told him that if I married she couldn't remain in the house alone with him because her reputation would be ruined. Father had then tried to find reasons for withdrawing his consent to the marriage and had written his lawyer. This plan had missed fire, but their second plan was surely better: I would never dare ask Enrico for half a million dollars, since I had never dared ask anyone for anything; and even if I did ask him he would be so shocked he would no longer want to marry me.

It was horrible. I decided that there was only one thing to do—meet Enrico in New York, tell him of father's demand and trust to his understanding. I took Miss B. with me to his apartment in the Knickerbocker Hotel, where he was waiting for us. He listened without interrupting while I told him everything. His eyes filled with tenderness and he said, "Doro, you can tell your father 'No.' I have not half a million dollars in cash. I have Liberty bonds, but I will not sell them. But even if I had the money I would not give it to you now. After we are married everything I have will be for you—not just half a million. Think tonight what you want to do and tell me tomorrow if you will marry me."

Miss B. and I stayed in New York overnight and early in the morning I telephoned Enrico that I would marry him that day.

My preparations for the wedding were simple—I merely asked a friend to let me charge a dress and hat to her account. The dress was dark blue satin with long white fringes, and the little hat was trimmed with white wings. This was my trousseau.

We were married at the Collegiate Unitarian Church on Madison Avenue. Afterward Enrico dictated a letter for Miss B. to take back to father, asking his forgiveness, but I don't know if she ever gave it to him. A short time later, without notifying either my mother or any of his children, father adopted Miss B. as his daughter, thereby satisfying her sense of propriety about remaining in his house. I never saw either of them again. He disinherited us all and when mother died he willed his entire fortune to Miss B.

ALL this had happened over a year ago, and now I was married to the greatest singer in the world and in a few months I was going to have a baby. When I first told Enrico about it he said simply, "What God sends we must keep." I hadn't thought much about a baby on the voyage to Italy, or even during the summer, but now I thought: for the first time something is going to happen to me alone—not to Enrico and me, but only to me. It was reality in the midst of heavenly unreality. Three words were to be added to the ending of the Cinderella fairy tale: And so they were married and lived happily ever after—with their baby.

The contrast between my life with father and my life with Enrico was like being transported from the nether regions to the stratosphere—many months had to pass before I could accept even the usual events of Caruso's life as a matter of course. Also, since I was accustomed to father's drastic disciplines, I unconsciously expected Enrico to treat me the same way when something went wrong. But before I had been married a week two things happened which showed me how different indeed my new world was to be.

One hot afternoon I was preparing to take a bath when Enrico called me. I hurried to his studio and he gave me a little gold case, containing my first check-book with a deposit of five thousand dollars entered on the first page. I was so unpracticed in receiving that I could only say, exactly as I would have said to father if he had given me a dollar, "Thank you, I will try to be very careful and make it last a long, long time." Enrico said quickly, "But, Doro, you must not do that. It is for you to enjoy." Hardly realizing what had happened, I started back to my room in a daze. As I passed through the salon I saw a trickle of water coming toward me from under my bedroom door. "Heavens," I thought, "the bath!" My room was a lake and the bathroom a Niagara. I rushed to turn off the water, then stared in horror at the damage I had caused. There was nothing to be done but confess to Enrico that through my thoughtlessness I had not only ruined an expensive carpet, but also flooded the rooms below—and all this just after he had given me a beautiful gold check-book and five thousand dollars. Of course he would take them back, be furiously angry and not speak

to me for weeks. I sat down with my feet in the water and burst into tears. Presently Enrico came to the door. He stood a moment, looking at my misery, then splashed across the room and kissed me. "No, no, my Doro," he said as I started to speak, "it is nothing. The carpet will be changed and everything put right. Only never look at me again with afraid."

A week later Enrico inaugurated the open-air concerts in Central Park. An escort of motorcycle police accompanied our car to the park, and as I mounted the steps to our seats the mayor presented me with a big bouquet of American Beauty roses, tied with red, white, and blue ribbons. I thought, "How angry father will be if he sees me." At once Enrico's voice and the crowd became unreal. I heard again the terrifying sound of father's key in the lock of the front door.

After the concert, when we were having supper at home, Enrico asked, "What has happened to your arms?" They were covered with little wounds where the thorns had pricked me. "The roses," I said; "I was thinking of father." Enrico said, "Someday you will forget the past and not be afraid any more."

WE were met in New York by Zirato and Fucito, Enrico's secretary and accompanist, as well as by the usual crowd of reporters and admirers. After our nerve-racking experience in Italy it was pleasant to be back in a country of contented people and to be driven to the Hotel Knickerbocker by our chauffeur, the devoted Fitzgerald, in a comfortable little automobile

Our apartment was cool, filled with flowers and in perfect order. It was on the ninth floor, overlooking Forty-second Street and Broadway, and the fourteen rooms had been redecorated while we were away. The dining room was on the corner, and next to it, on one side, were Enrico's studio, dressing room, Zirato's office, Mimmi's room, the pressing room, wardrobe room and Mario's room. On the other side were our bedroom, salon, my dressing room, Enrichetta's room and two new rooms that were waiting for the baby.

As Enrico was to sing *La Juive* for his second performance at the Metropolitan, the music of that score became the background of our days. Fucito came at nine and began to play at once; we could hear the piano faintly as we drank our coffee. Enrico took his coffee black—and so did I. I had never dreamed of black coffee for breakfast before, but after I married all preferences left me. Whatever Enrico ate, I ate; if he didn't eat, neither did I. We were not two people living two lives; we were two people living one life. One and one did not make two; one and one made one, like drops of water meeting.

Every morning Mario brought in the newspapers. Enrico looked at the music criticisms, studied the cartoons and read the news. At nine, wrapped in an enormous white robe, he went to his dressing room. Mario had prepared the bath with verbena salts and set out the steam inhalator. Enrico did not sing in his bath. After his inhalation, which occupied half an hour, he set a mirror against the window, opened his mouth wide and thrust a little dentist's mirror far down his throat, to examine the reflection of his vocal cords. If he found them too pink he would paint them with a special solution.

In the meantime Mario had called the barber. An armchair was placed by the window and beside it a music rack holding the score of *La Juive*. By now Zirato was waiting, notebook and pencil ready for the day's orders.

After the bath Enrico came in like a Roman emperor, ready to greet his subjects. As the barber shaved him, Fucito played and Enrico followed the score on the music rack, but without beating time or humming. Meanwhile Mario tiptoed about the room, noiselessly opening drawers and closets. He had to lay out the clothes very carefully; every piece had its place and must be in exactly the same place every day. Enrico sang softly as he dressed, carefully listening to the music from the next room.

When he was dressed he joined Fucito at the piano in the studio, ready for the real work of the day. He never sang in full voice a role he was studying, he whistled, hummed or sang a phrase on the syllable "ah," explaining to Fucito what he intended to do and what he wanted him to do. Only when he was satisfied with his conception did he use his full voice.

Two hours of intensive work were enough. By this time Zirato had covered the desk with letters to be answered, photographs to be autographed, and checks to be signed. Enrico attacked these tasks with the same intensity that he gave to singing. Many of the checks he signed were in answer to appeals for money which he received daily. I never knew him to refuse anyone. Shortly after we were married I said to him, "Surely all these people can't be deserving?"

"You are right, Doro," he replied, "but can you tell me which is and which is not?"

ENRICO'S sense of humor was that of generations of tillers of the soil. There was nothing subtle about it; it was as obvious as the joy of a peasant at a fair. In winter, when the streets were icy and the wind was blowing a gale, he would stand at the window, looking down on the unfortunate people crossing Times Square, and shout with laughter. "Come quick, Doro," he would call, "see the windy." Gleefully he counted the sailing hats and broken umbrellas and cried warnings through the glass. "Take care, you go now on the slip."

At the circus he was not a spectator but a performer. He joined the troupe from the moment he entered the doors of Madison Square Garden. Avid to see everything, he was as unconscious of attracting attention as a child. He played with the clowns from his box, made faces back at them and, as they left the arena, leaned out to shake their hands. "We make funny together," he whispered. He thought that I and the people around us were laughing at the clowns, never dreaming that it was he who offered us a concentrated three-ring circus. When he visited the freaks it was as if he were calling on friends. "You like to have so many?" he asked the three-legged man in Italian. "He is very funny," he told me, "he say he like because he can kneel and sit at same time." Then he added with pride, "He is Neapolitan, like me."

When Enrico cared for people it was for their inner qualities, not for what they could give him. Soon after we were married he told me of his experience in the San Francisco earthquake. After describing it vividly he added, "I save my big picture of President Teddy Roosevelt that he presented me the week before when I sang in the White House. Then I went to London from the earthquake and the King and Queen asked me to tell all about. They were very interested and happy I save the photograph. Such nice people. King Edward so good and so kind." At this moment little old Gravina came into the room. He was an impoverished actor—once a great comedian in Italy—whom Enrico had saved from starvation by making him the cutter of his clippings. One day he had displayed to me an astonishing trick of his comic art—that of shooting his eyes out of his head like a snail—but he was so timid in Enrico's presence that he trembled visibly. When he had left the room Enrico said, "That is a nice kind man too. I like to have him near me." To Enrico there was a similar quality of goodness in the King of England and the old actor, Gravina.

OUR dining room in the Knickerbocker was large enough for small dinner parties, but when we gave an afternoon reception on New Year's Day, 1919, we took an entire floor of the hotel. I was to meet for the first time all the members of the Metropolitan Opera Company and Enrico's friends; he was to meet all my family friends and relations. We sent out a thousand invitations, but three thousand people came.

Enrico and I stood under a bower of roses, shaking hands with everyone and receiving their wishes for happiness. I thought all the strangers were his friends and he thought they were mine. Later we discovered that neither of us knew any of them, but Enrico was glad to see them anyway and made them as welcome as he did the invited guests. A band and orchestra alternated in the two ballrooms; there were lavish buffets of salads and sweets and unlimited vintage champagne. But Enrico and I had nothing to eat or drink because we were still under the bower, shaking hands, at nine o'clock, although the invitations read from four to seven. We were tired

and hungry, but since it was impossible to approach the buffets we stole away and ate sandwiches in our rooms. The next day Zirato told us that both strangers and friends had danced until three o'clock in the morning.

Eleven decorations had been given to Enrico from Italy, Germany, Spain, Belgium, England, and France. America as a nation gives no medals for achievement in the arts, yet the honor bestowed on Enrico by the New York Police force pleased him more than all his foreign decorations. Ten days after our marriage he was asked to sing at the Sheepshead Bay race track for the benefit of the New York Police Reserves. This was my first public appearance as Enrico's wife, and when we walked to our places one hundred thousand people rose to their feet to applaud, cheer, and shout their good wishes. Four months later Police Commissioner Enright came to our apartment and in a little ceremony made Enrico Honorary Captain of the New York Police Force, in token of the esteem in which they held him. As the gold badge was pinned on his coat he asked the Commissioner, "Can I arrest people now?" Mr. Enright said he could. "Then I must go to the Metropolitan right away. I will play a funny on Mr. Gatti."

Enrico's love for America was deeply rooted in his heart. During the four years of the First World War he not only raised twenty-one million dollars by singing at benefits, but gave immense sums to the Allied Relief Organizations and the American Red Cross; he also converted all his prewar securities into United States Government Bonds and invested his income, royalties and salary thereafter only in Liberty Loan Bonds. One day he appeared in the office of "Big Bill" Edwards, the Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second District, and announced that he wanted to make out his income tax in advance and pay it immediately. When Mr. Edwards reminded him that he was anticipating the date of collection by several months, Enrico said, "Thank you, I know. But if I wait something might happen to me, then it would be hard to collect. Now I pay; then if something happen to me the money belongs to the United States, and that is good."

ENRICO didn't like to discuss his singing and as I knew nothing whatever about music he didn't have to listen to silly comments, unasked-for advice and worthless criticism. He never talked shop with me.

His comments about his fellow artists were almost never musical. Once after he had sung a duet with a celebrated soprano, more noted for her beauty than her voice, I asked how he liked her singing. "I don't know," he answered. "I've never heard her." Many of his observations had to do with personal hygiene, since he himself had a fanaticism for cleanliness. In a certain opera he had to sing an impassioned love song to a large, dark and fat diva while clasping her in his arms. As he left for the theater before the performance one night he said pathetically, "*Ai me!* It is terrible to sing with one who does not bathe, but to be emotionated over one who breathes garlic is impossible. I hope the public observe not my lack of feeling. Tonight I must act better than I sing."

I can remember only once when Enrico voluntarily chose singing as a subject of conversation. It was when Carpentier, the French prize fighter, unexpectedly called upon us the day he landed in New York to fight Dempsey. Neither of us had ever seen him before. Enrico talked with him for a half hour, then brought him into the salon to meet me. "What did you talk about—fighting?" I asked after he had left. "No," said Enrico, "singing." "Does he want to sing?" "No," said Enrico, "he wants to prize-fight." "But you never talk about singing," I said. "Does he know anything about it?" "Well," said Enrico, "he didn't when he came—only to prize-fight. But now, yes." Then he added thoughtfully, "I don't be very much interested in the prize fight."

I loved to hear Enrico sing, but I didn't like opera. To me it was noisy and unnatural and I didn't understand it. I went to the Metropolitan only to see and be with Enrico. Of course I enjoyed all the excitement—I was very pretty, had lovely clothes, and the contrast with my former life in father's house was wonderful.

After we were married I sat in a box for the first time. It was the night after the Armistice and also the opening night of the season. Enrico was singing *La Forza del Destino*. I wore white velvet, diamonds and chinchilla. The crowds in the lobby parted as I swept by on the arm of my handsome old uncle; everyone smiled and murmured compliments, and I was in a daze of happiness.

After the second act I went to Enrico's dressing room. "Do you enjoy, my Doro?" "Oh, yes," I said, "it's perfect. When the lights are on everyone looks at me and when they're off I can look at you." He roared with laughter and then told me that he used to give father seats over the drums for the same reason—so he could look at me.

ENRICO never spoke boastfully of himself as the "greatest tenor in the world." He was more flattered by having a race horse named for him than by eulogies he received on his voice. This horse, whose career he followed with unflagging interest, never won a race; but Enrico

**Andrés de Segurola as Colline in *La Bohème***

**Caruso as Radames in Aida**

**Antonio Scotti**

placed a bet of ten dollars on him every time he ran. Enrico could never hear the lovely quality of his voice when he sang—he simply felt something inside when the notes came out well. Only by listening to his records could he hear what others heard. "That is good, it is a beautiful voice," he would say in astonishment. But he always added, a little sadly, "With a beautiful voice it is not hard to reach the top. But to stay there, that is hard."

I realized that it was more than hard—it was a sort of slavery. The more he sang, the more people demanded of him. He could never let down and he drove himself beyond endurance. He no longer sang because he loved it, but because it was something he had to do. He got no comfort or food from music, but he gave both. I have seen him come home to supper after a magnificent performance and sit, unable to eat, his eyes full of tears. "What is it?" I asked. He held out his palm—"Ashes." It was no use to say, "But it was divine—and you had fifteen curtain calls." It was because of that he wept. And because I understood that these things were beyond words, I said nothing.

My silence was a comfort to him.

We often went to lunch in a little Italian restaurant on Forty-seventh Street. People always recognized him, and he would respond, "Hello, good morning, thank you very much," while Zirato made a passage for us through the crowd. We ate simply in that dark little restaurant—boiled chicken or beef with vegetables, fruit, cheese and coffee. Enrico didn't drink wine. The linen was coarse, the silver dull, the plates were heavy. Pane, the restaurant keeper, served us and his niece did the cooking. He was old and ugly, and, years before, Enrico had helped him when he was in great trouble. But our real reason for going there was because, after lunch, Pane brought out a deck of Italian cards and played with Enrico for hours—no strangers to stare or whisper or

speak, just two old friends in an old restaurant, playing with an old deck of cards. I sat with them wrapped in sables, pearls and enchantment.

ON the day of a performance there was no music in the house and Enrico rarely spoke. Through the silent hours he played solitaire, drew caricatures, pasted clippings and sorted his collection of rare gold coins. He had given me his stamp collection after we were married, and I worked on it across the table from him, as quiet and concentrated as he.

He often said that he would rather draw than sing, and although he had never had drawing lessons he was an expert caricaturist. When he made sketches of himself he didn't look in a mirror; he only felt the contours of his face with his left hand as he drew. A book of his caricatures had been published and every day he made a new sketch for *La Follia*. Years before, Marziale Sisca, the publisher of the paper, had offered him an incredible sum for a daily cartoon, but he had answered, "I do not want money for what I enjoy so much to do. My work is singing—we are friends and I make you caricatures for nothing." Once when we were out walking we saw in the window of an autograph shop a caricature of President Wilson made by Enrico. He waited outside while I went in to inquire the price. When I told him it was seventy-five dollars he was delighted. "That is good pay for work of ten minutes," he said. "Better we stop singing and draw."

He clipped all the war cartoons from the newspapers and pasted them in albums. As his hobby became known, artists sent him their original drawings and people from all over the world contributed to his collection. He was completely happy when he was cutting and pasting, drawing and tabulating.

IT was September and our first separation was approaching. Enrico was going to Mexico City for a season of opera and at the highest price ever paid a singer—$15,000 a performance. (At the Metropolitan his fee was $2,500, and he sang twice a week.)

Zirato, Mario and Fucito were to accompany him, but I couldn't go because I was expecting the baby. I was not only miserable at being left behind but worried about Enrico's health. The headaches from which he had suffered so much in the past few years had become even more violent.

One afternoon when the household was busy with preparations for the journey he came into the salon, sat down beside me and announced, "I have a new servant. I am taking him with me to Mexico."

"Who is he? Do you know him?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I know him. He came to ask for work this morning. I told him if he wish to be the valet of my valet he could stay. I will tell you a story. When I was young, doing my military duty in Naples, I wanted to sing. My sergeant helped me to have an audition with Maestro Vergine. He was a great teacher. He heard me sing and said, 'You have a voice like the wind in the shutters.' I felt very bad, but he had a class of pupils and I asked if I could listen while he taught them. He said yes. He had a daughter who was engaged to his best pupil, a man named Punzo. This Punzo was a proud and stupid man, but the Maestro said that one day he would be the greatest tenor in the world. I spent my free time listening to the lessons. I sat in a corner and no one noticed me. Then my brother took my military duty for me—very kind of him—and I spend more time in the class. At the end of the year the pupils had their examination. When all had finished I asked the Maestro if I could try too. 'What! You still here?' he said, but he let me sing. 'You have no voice,' he said, 'but you have intelligence—you have learned something.' He got me my first little engagement. He was very kind to me when I was young and poor. Punzo married the girl but did not become anything. He is the man who came this morning—and he is still very proud and stupid."

"But why do you want him then?"

"Because I will show him how to be a good valet—then he will know something and not be stupid any more."

Before Enrico left for Mexico he asked about Mario's wife, Brunetta, for the first time. I told him that I had found work for her at Bendel's. He looked stunned. "Someone belonging to my house working for someone else? It is impossible! I must see Mario." I followed him to hear what he would say.

"What the devil is this? You let Brunetta work outside? Are you crazy? You not know me after all this time? Tell her to leave Bendel's immediately. Tell her she is to work for the *signora*—make things for the baby. Never was anybody stupid like you." Mario stood speechless. At the door Enrico turned. "Take a big room and bath for you both—here in the hotel near to me." Then as he walked away he announced, "And your salary is now twice."

IN the early autumn Enrico left for Mexico.

My loneliness was overwhelming—he was my whole world, and I was lost without him. I rearranged his clothes, pasted his photographs into albums, sorted the stamp collection and listened to his records. He told me in one letter to try to be "distracted," so I asked my family to dine and play bridge. But I didn't play with them; I went instead into his bathroom and cried into his big white robe. We telegraphed and wrote to each other every day, sometimes two or three times a day. His headaches were worse and I worried about him all the time. The days passed faster if I kept busy—he had said that one must never be idle. "Find something to do, Doro, it is the only way to be happy." So I trimmed a bed for the baby and embroidered little petticoats and dresses for her. It never occurred to

**Giulio Gatti-Casazza** | **Caruso as Canio in *Pagliacci*** | **Caruso as Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'Amore***

me that I might have a boy. He wanted a girl, so it must be a girl. It was the only thing I could give him that he had never had and that he could not buy.

People always said, "It must be wonderful to be married to the greatest singer in the world." I always answered, "Yes, it is." And it was, but only because he happened to be Enrico. He was the greatest person in the world—and he sang too.

His first letter came from the station by messenger and after that I had one or two every day:

In train going to Mexico after Philadelphia.

September 17th, 1919

My dearest Doro:

First of all I beg you to forgive me if I will write you with my little machine because the train go on like a devil and it is impossible to write with a fauntain pen. Sometimes it seems that the body go away from the legs for the strong and suddenly rolling of the car. We look like people which had dring a baril of whisky!

Sure that you will forgive I go with my Corona and in my special englisch, with the hope that you will understand me to tell you how I suffred when the train left New York. I felt in myself something which I cannot explain. Everiting around was dark and my heart stop to

jomp for a wile. My eyes were closed and my maind was full of you. This was a sens of beatitude and I thought that such a dream will accompagne me until my arrival in Mexico but I make mistake because when we arrived at Manhattan Transfer people rusch in my Drowing-Room and disturb my drimming. But I am still in dream even when people talk and will be a dream for me until I come back.

Now I must leave you with my great sorrow. Dearest my Doro! I love you so and will be devote to you, until I go before the universal judgment. I hold you in my heart.

Your
Rico.

Mexico City Bucareli 85
Oct 1st 1919 7 p. m.

My dearest Doro:

I have here before me four letter of you and I thank you, dear love, very, very much.

You don't imagine the joy which you had give to me with your Italian. It is so klute and I feel that you are near me and I hear your sweet voice that caresses my ears and makes beating my heart.

But the big surprise and the most big present which I appreciate very much, it is your little foto. I kissed lots, lots times and I hope you will give me a such and pretty girl. What joy will be for us! I think I will be so happy. My soul, I love you so much. Dear, my Doro!

Please dont take any grammatica when you write me because I understand you very much, otherwise you force me to take an inglisch grammere. The only think which we can do, it is to correct each other and I will be the one which beginning to correct you with the hope which you will correct me.

Poor little adorable dear one! Love and kisses to you.

Your
Rico.

Mexico City Bucareli 85
Oct 8th 1919 4:30 p. m.

My own and sweet Doro:

This morning soon I wake up I asked if there were letter for me. The answer was, "Sorry, not one." My face became blak and I swear against the bandits which blow up the train last week, because I tought that all your letters were burned in the fire of the train but I put my soul in peace and said to myself, "You must wait for."

After that I beginning to think how many days I will be without your letters and my mind works very, very hard. "Of course," I say to myself, "There is the telegraph," but is not the same thing, because in a cable we feel allways the cold or the heat of the hands of the employees who transcrive the messages.

At one p. m. I went to the barber and at three I came back. We had our lunch and after, Zirato put the hend in his pocket and took out four of your letters which arrived when I was out. Immagine my joy! Thanks, dear!

No, my Doro, it is impossible that you love me more than I do. You are young and dont know enough of the life and love. I gat you in a time which my heart was push down by circumstance of the life but, being catched by you and free of the heavyest, he push out all his power of the love on you, I means he push out all the poison which from many years was in it, and put in his new love which is rappresanting from my own and sweet Doro. Then, I say that it is impossible that you love me more than I do, and one day we will see who is right. Doro, Doro, I adore you!

Then good night, my adorable little wife, and with a tender and effectuose embrace.

Believe me your and always
Rico.

Mexico City Bucareli 85
Oct. 16, 1919. 7:30 p. m.

My dearest Doro:

. . . After I had read your letters I felt better, and Mr Stefanini told me, "Oh, dear! You forget you have an appointment to go to the bull fight." "Yes, I remember," I answer, "But I must go and write to my dear and sweet little wife. For consequence," I said, "I don't go." But there were a little fight between us, and he convinced me in saying that was very bad to go in my room, closed, and work with my mind, I can do that later.

I thought he was right and went to the bull-fight. What impression, dear! I dont tell you because you will be disgusted like I was, and I think this was the reason of the third attack in the same day. I left before the end because beguinning to feel bad, and come home. But in what conditions! Very bad, dear! No asperine, no electric pad, no other pastils for the case relieved me soon! Two hours of sufferance! But when I felt that I can move my neck, I get up and sitting here thinking that if I write you I will feel better and, in effect, now I feel better.

Can I find words to ansure to such lovely and sweet letters? I am afraid, but I put down everything that my heart feeling. All your expressions about me, dearest, make me more of love for you. I never heard such beautiful and sweet expressions in my life and I am very, very sorry to not be able to say to you more, more and more nice and sweet words! I love you, and I loved you since I meet you the first time.

Ah! Doro Mia! I love you terribly! I cannot say how I am jealous of you! My jalosy is so big that it make me mad! Sometimes I am very cold. Is because my jalosy works inside of me and I dont want make a scene because I dont want make you suffre! My darling! For nothing in the world I will let you suffre and I beg you pardon if sometime I was a little excited but it was because I love you so.

A world of love.

Your forever
Rico.

Mexico City.
Oct 25th 1919. 6 p. m.

My dearest Doro:

I am so sorry for not been writing to you yesterday! I will then beginning from the performance of "Pagliacci." At 8 p. m. I went out of my automobile at theatre door and I saw all the facade of the theatre decorated with flowers. I went in from the stage entrance and as soon I got in I saw a movement of people and when I cross the stage to go in my dressing room there were four lines of employees of the theatre which salut me with a big applause. The anti-door of my dressing room and this one were all decorated with my picture and palms and flowers. The anti-door ordinarily is a place where all the stage people put all the material. That night there was like a parlor to receive a king. Flags, palms, flowers, picture and lots different plants all around makes the ambiente very pittoresque. Everybody smile and clapped. Corists, all people of the stage and supers, were all cleaned up like a great occasion.

Everybody wait for "Pagliacci" being before a small concert in which the artists who tooked part were very bad.

We beginning and as always the public dont under stand my frases but they enjoyed. I was not satisfied because I felted that there were not a communication between me and the public. First, because this one expect more of "Pagliacci" being paid three times the cost of ordinary ticket.

Second, the concert was very bad and third there was a donkey with a little tiny bit of a car which make me nervous.

However, we arrived at the end of the first act. I dont know how I sang my arioso but the thing that I know is this: I find myself covered literraly of flowers which came from stage, box, parterre and gallery and there was a terrible noise. After the fifth call I beginning to realize what was around me. The noise was the public who standing up, yelled as a man alone, and the women too who looked like crazy. I think there was many, many calls which makes me nearly feelin bad because the demonstration were so strong that my heart was touched. Do you know what I was thinking and look for in the middle of such demostration? You!

Yes, my eyes goes around the sala traying to find the box with my Doro.

You were not there! I think if you were there you certainly cry of joy.

How many, many soprises you have for me? I hope lots. I kiss the little handkerchief of you.

I love you.

Good night
Rico.

AND then he came home. It was wonderful.

Since we had written to each other all the details of each day, we didn't have to waste time repeating them—we could start living from the first moment we were together again.

He brought me all sorts of presents—linen, jewels, fans and lace. I loved them all and soon felt that he had never been away. Sometimes when Enrico suddenly appeared in the doorway and said in his unforgettable voice, "Ah, there you are, my Doro!" I felt the whole world lift to a heaven of happiness and I could find no words to tell him how much he meant to me. I could only say, "Oh, how I wish you were poor and didn't sing better than anyone else. Then you would know how much I love you."

ENRICO hadn't had a day's rest since his return from Mexico, but temporarily his headaches had stopped and he was well and full of energy. Every morning he rehearsed at the Metropolitan, and besides these rehearsals he had to make records in Camden for the Victor Company. This was his hardest work, far more difficult than singing an opera. He hated every minute of it. "My voice is cold and heavy in the morning," he said, "and I don't feel to sing."

It was now the middle of December and time for the baby to be born. We had been considering hundreds of names for her, but it was only the night before her birth that Enrico suddenly decided she must be called Gloria—"because," he said, "she will be my crowning glory."

She was born on the night of December 18, 1919, at half-past ten. The first words I heard afterward were, "Dearest, it's a little girl." As he held her in his arms he announced that, besides the name of Gloria, she must have others—Grazianna, in gratitude to his mother whose name was Anna; Ameriga, because she was born in America; Vittoria, because we won the war, and Maria for the Virgin Mary. Enrico ordered champagne for the entire staff of the hotel and gave tiny Gloria a drop from the end of his little finger. His happiness was triumphant. The following night he sang *L'Elisir d'Amore* and the gallery shouted, "*Viva papa!*"

One morning a month later we were in the nursery watching Nanny bathe and dress the baby. He picked her up and carried her to the window, pried her mouth open and gazed down her throat. "Look, Doro, she is exactly like me. Maybe she sing—maybe not, but her throat is the same as mine."

I watched their faces in the sunlight. They looked so extraordinarily alike that I wanted to cry.

ENRICO loved to tell stories, but he never gossiped, nor listened to gossip. "Why do they talk and waste their time?" he said one night after a dinner party. "If there is something good to say, speak—otherwise be quiet." As he hated being lionized, social functions in his honor had no place in his busy life. A well-known Philadelphia hostess once telephoned to ask if she might give a dinner and ball for the young bride. My first reaction was, "Oh, what fun!" I had never been to a ball, nor had anyone ever given a dinner just for me. But before I could speak Enrico said to Zirato, "What she want to bother us for? Does she not know I work? Tell her that we not like people, and be sure she understand. She does not do this for us, but for her." I felt a little disappointed but said nothing. Enrico looked at me. "You feel sad, my Doro? I am perhaps selfish? It is that I enjoy so to be alone with you." No party, no matter how gorgeous, could give me such happiness as being alone with Enrico. And he had just said that he wanted to be alone with me. I could never get used to it.

He never sang "for fun" at parties. His contract with the Metropolitan forbade his singing anywhere unless he had official permission. I know of only one time that he broke this rule. We had gone to a benefit vaudeville performance, given for soldiers and sailors, at the Manhattan Opera House. We thought no one could see us, seated in the back of a stage box, but a boy in the front row called out, "There's Caruso!" The performance stopped, the audience shouted and stamped and the manager came to our box. "Mr. Caruso, they want you to sing 'Over There.'" Enrico didn't hesitate, but left me immediately and went on to the stage. When he had finished, the audience wouldn't let him go. Finally, waving and calling "No more," he hurried back to me. "We must leave quickly," he whispered. "I must go and tell Gatti I broke my contract." I waited in the car outside the stage door while he talked with Gatti. When he came out he was beaming. "He excuse me," he said.

ENRICO was made in two parts—man and genius. My understanding of him depended on my recognition of which part, at a given moment, was motivating his actions. I couldn't always distinguish instantly between the man and the genius, and the result on one occasion was both startling and pitiful.

His jealousy astonished me, although he had told me when we married, "You will not talk to any man when I am not with you." "Not even to my brother's friends?" "No, not even, for if you are seen, who will know he is the friend of your brother?" This request didn't even seem unreasonable to me; it was only another opportunity to do something for him.

The spring before we sailed for Italy we went to Atlanta with the Metropolitan Opera Company. On the evening after Enrico's first performance two old friends of his, whom I hadn't met, invited us to a dinner and dance. We sat at the most conspicuous table with our host Jim, a big fat jolly man, and his wife Fanny May. I could see that they both adored Enrico.

After dinner when the orchestra began to play I felt a sudden agony of shyness sweep over me. "What am I doing here," I thought desperately, "among all these people I have never seen before, who are staring and smiling at me simply because I am married to the greatest tenor in the world?" At that moment Enrico asked me to dance. I looked up at him and refused—he had become a stranger too. "All right, a little later. Fanny May?" They danced away together. I watched them whirl around alone on the floor, but when other couples joined them my shyness left me and I felt natural and happy again. My host asked me to dance and I accepted at once. Halfway around the floor Enrico saw us and as we passed he said, "I wish to speak with you when you finished." He was waiting for me at the table. "We go home now," he said. "But, Enrico, we can't do that to Fanny May." "Never mind, I fix. Get now your coat." I was mystified.

Back in our sitting room at the hotel he burst forth, "What for you dance with that man after you refuse me? Why you do such a thing—that fat man?" "But, Rico, he is your friend and our host." "He is not my friend that do such a thing. I have no friends. Am I—am I nothing? Am I not important—only the host important?" He was shouting. I tried to explain, but his fury mounted with each word I spoke. "So, that is it. You not like to be married to Caruso!" I burst into tears.

Then came the transformation. The blaze of anger left his eyes and they filled with tears. "*Ai me,*" he groaned, "what I say to you? What have I done? Oh, bad, bad am I to make you cry!" Rushing across the room, he beat his head against the wall. Blood and tears ran down his face. I implored him to stop, but it was useless. He kept sobbing, "So sorry, Doro—you excuse?" I washed his poor head, helped him to bed and sat by him, patting him and saying, "There, there, Rico," until he fell asleep. I understood instinctively that it was not Caruso the man indulging in a jealous scene, but Caruso the genius whose nature moved in the same lavish dimensions as his art.

We never referred to that dreadful night again. Months later he said, "I wish you to become very fatty so no one look at you." Then he sighed.

EACH time Enrico came in from the street he changed his clothes, and unless he was receiving people he never wore a conventional suit in the house. He wore

dark red, green or blue brocaded coats with sashes, slate-gray silk trousers and soft shirts. When we were first married I was surprised at the number and variety of clothes in his wardrobe. One closet held eighty pairs of shoes, another fifty suits. "Why do you have so many?" I asked. "Two reasons," he said. "First reason, I like. Second reason, other people like. Also I give to people who ask."

A few days after we were married my father sent me a small steamer trunk containing everything I had left at home. There was not much in it—a few books and pictures, my two dresses and my winter coat. Enrico came in as I was unpacking. "Ah, your little things you do." He touched the coat. "You have a warmer, a fur?" "Oh, yes, in storage. It's nice and warm." "I see." His voice was very gentle. "I like you not keep these things, my Doro. I like give you everything. Today I like you have another fur coat." That afternoon he took me to Joseph's on Fifth Avenue. It was the first time I had ever been in such a shop. We sat with the manager in

front of a little stage. He awed me, but Enrico was at ease as usual. One by one mannequins came out on the stage in sable, ermine and chinchilla, in moleskin, broadtail and beaver. There were muffs and hats to match. "Which you like, Doro?" Heavens, they all looked so expensive! I had never dreamed of such furs. The moleskin was the shortest and probably cost less than the others. I said, "Perhaps the little moleskin?" "Yes, it is pretty," said Enrico. He turned to the manager. "We will take them all."

As I knew nothing about smart clothes, Enrico selected my entire wardrobe and even supervised the fittings. Since his ideas were on a grand scale, he began by ordering sixty-nine costumes—fifteen evening gowns, twelve afternoon dresses, eight tailored suits, six topcoats, twelve evening wraps, four tea gowns, twelve house pajamas. As I went to the opera twice a week and had to wear a different dress each time, my evening gowns had to be replaced several times during the season. All morning and all afternoon, every day for weeks, I went to fittings. After the first hour I was dizzy from revolving and unable to stand still any longer. But the pitiless fitters continued to pin, baste, drape and cut until I wondered how I could bear my grim future of beautiful clothes.

Once I admired a costume hat Enrico wore in *Rigoletto* —it had a limp red velvet crown, a wide brim faced with blue satin and a long white ostrich feather drooping over the ear. Unfortunately my admiration made a deep impression. About a month later, when I was recovering from pneumonia and still in bed, he knocked on my door, calling, "I have a present for you." He came in, followed by Mario and Enrichetta, all carrying large boxes. In the boxes were six replicas of his *Rigoletto* hat which he had ordered Tappé to copy in six different colors. His idea was that I wear them in the street—which I did, of course. They weren't very becoming and I had great difficulty finding clothes that could be worn with them.

Enrico ordered my jewels in the same prodigal way, describing exactly what he wanted and choosing meticulously from among the designs submitted to him. In a month a large jewel case was filled with sets of every kind of gem. They matched my costumes and became simple accessories, like handkerchiefs and gloves.

ENRICO was ruthless when singers came for criticism, and scarcely a day passed without his listening to an audition. Some of the voices were good, others frightful. Society women were the most trying—I remember one who insisted on singing her entire repertoire, even after Enrico had told her that her voice wasn't suited for opera. "But what is wrong with my voice?" she insisted. "It is too old," he said bluntly.

One day the Marchesa C., a ravishingly beautiful woman, and her little husband came to see us. Enrico had known them both in Italy. She had sung professionally throughout Europe, accompanied at the piano by her husband. She was to give a Debussy recital for a smart audience, and hoped to be engaged for private soirees later on. If Enrico would only go to her concert, she was sure it would be a success.

We went and sat in the front row. It was a matinee, and the audience, chiefly women, was thrilled at seeing Caruso. Many pretended to know him, fluttering their eyes and tittering. "Who are they, so foolish?" he muttered as we sat down.

On the stage were potted palms, a piano and a tall Italian chair. There was polite applause as the Marchesa entered. Dressed in black velvet, long and tight, she glided to the chair and sank down. She had hair like black silk, smoothed down on either side of a lotus-white face, a nose and mouth by Praxiteles, and long eyes enormous in their blue shadows. She held a muff on her lap and sat as still as glass. Her little husband whispered in and effaced himself at the piano. Then she began to sing Debussy.

The audience sat hypnotized—all but Enrico. He rolled his eyes and pushed up his nose with the knob of his cane.

After it was all over the husband met us in the lobby, trembling with excitement.

"Come with me," he said. "There are crowds waiting, but she will see you."

"I go home," said Enrico.

"But—" said the little man.

"I go home," said Enrico again and added over his shoulder, "You can come to dinner tonight."

At dinner Enrico laughed, talked and told stories without stopping. He never mentioned the concert. The Marchesa became more and more unresponsive. She waited until the coffee was served to say, "Well, Caruso, what did you think of my recital?"

"Beautiful," said Enrico without hesitation. "You had a great success."

"Yes, but what did you think about me?"

"You were very effective—the chair—the muff—everything. I tell you they liked very much."

"But what about my voice, my singing?"

Enrico's expression changed. "You want to know my opinion of your voice as Caruso the artist or Caruso the friend?"

Her voice was high as she answered, "Artist, of course."

"Well, then, I will tell you. You do not sing because you do not know how."

She was furious. "How can you say that? I have studied seven years with Jean de Reszke!"

"Then, madame, you both wasted seven years. You have no voice, you know nothing about singing. But you will be engaged because you look nice."

Immediately she rose from the table and left the house.

The next day Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Reginald de Koven called on us. They had been to the recital and wanted to know what Enrico thought of it. If he said it was good, they would ask the Marchesa to sing in their houses.

"She is most effective and made a great success," said

Enrico. "You not make a mistake." They had thought so too, they said, and went away pleased.

"You see, Doro, she get the work. But she had not the sense to keep quiet after I show I not want to talk. She made me hurt her, otherwise she repeat to someone that I say she sing well and they maybe know singing and say, 'Caruso is a stupid—he cannot tell good voice from bad.' This I cannot let happen for my name as an artist. Always I must tell the truth—if they insist."

AT the end of April Enrico was to leave for Cuba to sing two months of opera in Havana with Bracale's company. I couldn't go with him because Gloria was too young to travel and we would never have dreamed of leaving her behind.

The day before he left we lunched at the Casino in

Caruso self-portrait

Woodrow Wilson

Central Park. I watched a big open Packard drive up to the door, a beautiful gray car with green wheels and green leather seats. Later I said to Enrico, "Did you notice that beautiful car? I think it had a special body." He said he hadn't noticed it. When we had finished lunch I waited outside while Enrico paid the check. The park was lovely in the spring and we drove around it twice before returning home. "Look," I said as I stepped out in front of our hotel, "there's the Packard I saw at the Casino." It was parked near the entrance.

Enrico said, "It is yours, my Doro. I bought it from its owner after lunch." I don't know why the owner was willing to sell it. Perhaps because Enrico offered him $12,000.

In the early evening I went into the studio and found him holding Gloria on his knees. Fucito was playing the piano and Enrico was beating time with the baby's little fist.

"I teach her a song—'Oh, Mr. Piper'—about a fairy queen," and he began to sing it softly. She rested against him, contented. "You see," he said, "she likes the father's voice." She was three months old.

As during his season in Mexico, Enrico wrote often from Havana:

Hotel Sevilla Habana Cuba.
May 8 1920, 9 a. m.

My Doro, my sweet love:

Your sweet letter just arrived and make me so happy. How dearest you are! The happy one am I! I think this is the most sweet letter which you have write me in Italian. Your Italian, cara mia, is an art. Your expressions are so delightful that makes me feel something in my spine.

Your Italian is better of my English because you know all the words and your idee (How do you speel this word, Idey, aidy, or idy?) are perfectly put down and compresinbly, instead me, to write a period take me long time and I go crazy to find the right words. Sometime I say to myself, "Why are you so stupid?" and I have a fight with Caruso because he say, "I cannot do many things alltogether." I excuse him and then we try to do our best, in working very hard. But been you so kind with me, I am encouraged and I will go on better and better every day.

Sweet Gloria! She is like the mother, absolutely. Dont make me jealous with your way of talking about her! I wish to be there with you and enjoy of what our sweet baby doo. I am looking forward to come home to enjoy, with you, of the caresses of this little angel.

Dearest love, I embrace you with all my soul.

Your
Rico

Hotel Sevilla Havana Cuba
May 14 1920 7 p. m.

My Doro sweetheart:

It is very hot here, but everything is very cold around me. Why? I will tell you. I was accostumated with somebody who was near me all the time, and make the atmosphere full of sweetness and gladness. There was the moment when I steel a kiss with afraid of somebody who dont exist! There was a door which open slowly and a beautiful face came through and say, "I am here." Now all these things are far away from me, and my life is like a piece of meat in the ice-box.

I have very hard time with all the people around me and I don't see how I can get over. They are so stupid and at same time noughty. More I do, more they serve me bad. Punzo is the limit! He try to put Mario in bad light with me and there is fight every moment between everybody, included myself.

It seams that God give me lots of patience to support everyone of this people. The only moment which I am quite is when I am here to write to you, or when I am enclosed in the bath.

Nevermaind! We born for working and for suffrence, and we must took the life as God send to us.

Oh, my only! If you immagine how I miss you, you will forget everything in the world, even our sweet Gloria! I try to find how I can stop to sing and go near my adorable ones. I hope then, something will happen because I cannot support any more such a life.

Your
Rico

Hotel Sevilla Havana Cuba
May 18 1920 3 p. m.

My Doro sweetheart:

Nice day today! Eighteen! The day of Gloria nostra! Today she has five months. I hope God will keep her for our affections. We will devote ourself to her in kipping her in good humor and bringing her up sweetly and nicely.

Then she look like me? I dont like because I am offly ogly and always I told to you with the hope to made another yourself! The interesting is that she took your sweetness and this is the most important.

Oh, my own Doro! I adore you both terribly! You can immagine how big must be my love for you because my life was always troubled for things that was not mine! You are mine, with Gloria and you give me all the joy and all the happiness of the life, for consequence I love you both over everything in the world, and from the moment which I married you, I am yours and you bring me only glad.

Your
Rico

THE Havana season over, Enrico joined us in a house I had rented in Easthampton, where we looked forward to a few weeks of rest. This was the first summer Enrico had spent in America, and so far he had had no real holiday. Friends sometimes came to dine and occasionally we lunched with them.

Soon Enrico was to start on one of the longest and hardest concert tours he had ever undertaken—in the space of one month he was booked to sing in Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, St. Paul, Denver, Omaha, Tulsa, Fort Worth, Houston, Charlotte and Norfolk.

He spent his last few days in Easthampton rehearsing with Fucito his complete program for the tour. He told me an astonishing fact, unknown to the public—that he might have been as successful a basso or baritone as he

was a tenor. His great eyebrows moved up and down his forehead as he laughed over the story of how he had once used this gift to save his friend, Andrés de Segurola, at a performance of *Bohème* in Philadelphia. In the train Andrés had become suddenly hoarse and told Enrico he was worried about the evening's performance. There was no understudy for the role of Colline and the loss of his voice would mean a disaster. Enrico advised him to hold back as much as possible for the first three acts and save himself for his big aria, "*Vecchia zimarra,*" in the fourth. Although Andrés had agreed, when he went on the stage the idea vanished and from the beginning he held back nothing at all. Consequently after the third act he stood backstage shaking and as hoarse as a crow. Polacco, who was conducting, knew nothing of the desperate basso's situation and gave the signal for the fourth act to begin. He saw Colline enter with his broad felt hat pulled over his face; watched him bring a chair to the footlights, take off his greatcoat, place his foot on the seat of the chair and sing the famous farewell song to his coat. At the end of the aria there was great applause as Colline left the stage; then Caruso came on as Rodolfo and the act finished as usual.

Hardly had the curtain descended when Polacco rushed to Enrico's dressing room in a rage. "Are you crazy?" he shouted. "If the audience had recognized you as Colline it might have ruined the performance."

"It was a good joke on Polacco," Enrico said. "He did not know I was such a good basso."

Hotel Fontenelle Omaha Neb.
Oct 12 1920 11:30 p. m.

My darling Doro:

Just finish my dinner and I want send you my love and my night kiss.

I have sent you half an hour ago a telegram telling you about the concert which went magnificaly. Eleven songs, and if I want, they can accept with pleasure some others but I must take care because I am not yet over of the cold and I work too much to arrive to the end.

I will send to you all my chock and you will put this at your account at the bank, in that way we dont loose the interest. You will forgive me I talk like that but, dearest, I am traveling and we dont know what will happen. When I will be home then we will fix the things that we dont worry anymore because we must think now for our Gloria. Why that? Because I love you!

I need you like wather when I am thorsty. I need your voice, sweet voice, which is so good for my nervs. I need you all around me.

You are piece of myself, and, being far away from you, I feel something less on my body. Never more out without my two loves! I dont care to work any more and for consequence, is not necessaire to be separated again! We will go in my, our, country and we will have good time without be nervous every moment! I am looking for this day! You can immagine how glad I will be when I have not to think about my voice! Hope God let me arrived at such day and then my happiness will be comblet.

I close my eyes and in thinking of you, my own, own heart, am always your own.

Rico

The Selwyn Charlotte N. C.
Oct 24 1920 10:15 p. m.

My own Doro:

It is half an hour that I arrived here in very tired condition. Two long days and one night in the train. Too much even with comfort. At the station here I found a big crowd of people waiting for "Cruso," and there was applause and talking, as "He is fatty!" "He is big man!" "There he is. Now I can go to bed!"

I was so happy in looking the pictures of Gloria and tears came on my eyes as a joy.

I love you. And more time pass more my love for you cames big and big.

I wish you were in myself to see how I love you! What can I do to let you be certenly of that? I think I done all my best to show you my love and I am steel trying do things to let you be convinced of it. Be sure that your Rico adore you and he adored you from the first time he meet you. In my solitude I thought always to this tall girl with blue eyes, and from whom I heard the first sweet voice which come right through my heart!

Five days more! Ah! I am happy!

I embrace you, my heart.

Your
Rico

I had never seen Enrico look so weary as on the day he returned to New York. The tour had been even harder than he had expected and his cold, instead of disappearing, had descended to his chest. The fact that he scarcely spoke about his health made me know that he was really worried, for only when things were not serious did he complain. Once a chorus man accidentally trod on his bare foot in *Samson*. He limped through the rest of the opera, was carried groaning to his car and treated at home by a doctor waiting with a pharmacy of remedies. After he was nicely bandaged and tucked in bed he said to me confidingly, "I like to make fussy sometimes." Not even a little mark could be discovered on his foot.

As Christmas approached, he began to make a long list of names—people to whom he always gave presents. When he read it to me I was appalled. "But, Rico, you don't like all these people?" "No," he said, "but they expect."

To go Christmas shopping with Enrico was a lovely adventure. He bought what he had planned to buy, never asked the price, and chose his presents at only two places—his favorite antique shop and Tiffany's. At Tiffany's he bought gold souvenirs for everyone who didn't like antiques, and at the antiquarian's he bought antiques for everyone who didn't like souvenirs.

He walked through the aisles of Tiffany's, looking very large in his fur-lined coat, while his good face with its great warm smile expressed the real spirit of Christmas and the happiness he was feeling. He stopped at a counter and peered into the lighted case. "Look, Doro, nice little boxes for powder and for red." The salesman dropped his professional boredom and became charged with excitement.

"Please, the little boxes," said Enrico, pointing not with one finger but with his whole hand—a gesture that to me symbolized the limitless generosity of his heart. He examined the design of each box with fastidious care and finally chose four.

"We like fifty like this, then thirty like this, ten like this, and one like this." The clerk stammered that he would find out if so many were available. We went on to cigarette cases across the aisle, where the order he gave was equally staggering. Then we examined the bracelets and neck chains. By this time everyone in Tiffany's knew that Caruso was doing his Christmas shopping and the manager came to greet us.

"Very much obliged," said Enrico and shook him warmly by the hand. "I like now to give you special order."

We sat about a table while Enrico made rough sketches of the design he wanted for a gold watch charm—this year's gift to his closest friends. "You will make twenty like this and send."

We shook hands with everyone, left the shop without any idea of how much money we had spent and went on to the antiquarian's. There Enrico chose gifts according to the recipient's taste, not his own. "This is very ugly and I dislike it very much, but they collect and find interesting."

Christmas Day was beautiful. The new apartment in the Vanderbilt Hotel was filled with cold sunshine and the smell of the fir tree. From eight in the morning the doorbell rang continuously as messengers brought gifts, flowers and telegrams. Enrico came to join Gloria and me in the salon and laid a big box in my arms. "Hope you will like this—it take two years to find, in South America." In the box was a magnificent chinchilla coat—and much as I loved it I couldn't tell him that the only gift I wanted was for him to be well and strong. Gloria's special present was a string of amber beads longer than she was—"In Italy we say that amber keep sore throat away."

A pile of little coin boxes lay open on the table, and

Enrico went to the safe to fetch the bags of gold. He poured a handful of the shining coins on the tray of Gloria's high chair. "Here, Puschina, play with these. Now I dress quickly, Doro, and we take our presents to the people at the theater. Can you make nice in the little boxes?" I said they would be ready as soon as he was, and he left us.

Baby played with the gold pieces and I began to fill the boxes . . . a hundred dollars for the old property man . . . fifty for the wigmaker . . . I had gone down the long list as far as "Five for each of the chorus" when I heard Enrico scream. As I rushed from the room he screamed again. I reached his dressing room at the same time as Zirato and Mario. Scream after scream came from the bathroom. Mario flung open the door and with superhuman strength lifted Enrico from the tub. His shrieks rang through the apartment as Zirato and Mario carried him, wrapped in his white robe, to the couch. He sat there on the edge, leaning forward, while streams of sweat ran down his face and dripped to the floor.

I ran to the telephone and within three minutes the hotel doctor arrived. He didn't wait to examine Enrico but gave him an injection of codeine and, a few minutes later, a second one. Gradually the screams stopped. "He'll sleep for an hour now," said the doctor. "You'd better call his own physician. I'll be in my office after lunch if you need me."

Ten minutes later Enrico opened his eyes—and shrieked. Zirato began frantically telephoning one doctor after another. At last I could bear the screams no longer. I found the bottle of ether in his bathroom, soaked a handkerchief and held it against his face. Slowly he lost consciousness, but his moans were so frightening that I put my fingers in my ears.

I don't know how long I stood there, but at last the door opened and I saw a tall man dressed in tweeds, with an American face. "I'm Dr. Evan Evans," he said. His examination of Enrico was swift and expert and his diagnosis instantaneous. "Mrs. Caruso, your husband has acute pleurisy, probably going into pneumonia." He turned to Mario and Zirato. "Sit him up in that chair, carry him to his room and put him to bed, with lots of pillows. Then call me. And now let me see that baby, Gloria."

I shall never forget the relief I felt, and the gratitude, for the strength and assurance of that man. An hour later a trained nurse was in charge and there was little left for me to do. I gathered up the scattered gold pieces, sent them to the theater and arranged the forgotten flowers.

THE next morning Dr. Evans called into consultation several doctors of the hotel. They were all in complete agreement—the acute pleurisy had developed into bronchial pneumonia.

Three days later, as the nurse and I were standing at the foot of Enrico's bed, his face suddenly turned the color of slate and he began to gasp. "Quick, an oxygen tank!" cried the nurse. As if by a miracle Dr. Antonio Stella opened the door at that moment. He snatched an aspirating needle from his bag and plunged it into Enrico's back. As the fluid in the pleural cavity was drawn off, lessening the pressure on his heart, his face lost its dreadful color and he began to breathe freely. . . . I realized I had seen death approach a human being, and turn away.

The doctors decided that a major operation was imperative in order to guard against another such crisis. We called in the great surgeon, Dr. John Erdman, and overnight our beautiful salon was transformed into an operating room. Enrico wanted to know exactly what was going to be done to him, and I explained that an incision would be made in his back to remove the fluid that remained in the pleural cavity.

The operation was successful. In two days his temperature was normal and the wound drained well and caused him no pain.

In the weeks that followed, Enrico was a patient and polite invalid, obeying every instruction the doctors gave him. But he didn't like trained nurses; he couldn't understand why women should wait on him, and he was annoyed by their rigid insistence on their duties. One day his old authority returned. "Doro," he said, "tell nicely to the *signorina* I wish that she stays in the salon. Mario will remain here with me and if we need her we will send for." I bought him a little gold bell, engraved with his name, to ring when he needed her. It had a sweet sound, but I didn't hear it often.

Every day I had lunch by his bedside. He would eat only the food that Mario cooked for him—dishes of his childhood, such as lentil soup and semolina. In the afternoon he amused himself by modeling in clay and making caricatures of the doctors and nurses. Gatti, anxious and nervous, was one of the few visitors he was permitted to see.

I thought he was nearly well, but one morning in early February he woke with a high temperature. By night it had risen to 104.

The next morning, February 12, Dr. Erdman reopened the incision. The poison he found in the deepest part of the cavity had become so viscid that now only the most drastic drainage could save Enrico's life. For this it was necessary to remove four inches of rib. . . . As soon as the operation was over I begged the doctors never to let him know what had been done to him.

Dr. Francis Murray waited with me for him to come out of the anesthetic. Hours passed, but he still remained unconscious. At eight that evening the doctors returned and pronounced that his deep sleep was in reality a state of coma. Dr. Stella said, "Mrs. Caruso, you must try to rouse him by any means you can think of." I called his name and kissed him again and again. Mario, weeping, begged him to speak and Zirato implored him to come back to us. But Enrico looked at nothing through half-closed lids and said, "Ba-ba-ba" over and over again. Dr. Murray moved into the apartment that night, and two more nurses were engaged.

The newspapers telephoned continuously and finally the editors asked me to permit reporters to remain in the apartment. They established themselves in the dining room to receive the doctors' bulletins, and these were published in every new edition. The hotel manager told me that hundreds of people called every day to inquire about Caruso and went away weeping. Early each morning six Italian laborers came to the hotel to ask how Caruso had slept before starting their work on the big pipes under Thirty-fourth Street.

Thus the days passed. For me there was no longer any movement of time, or any separation of night from day. The doctors had done everything they could and now there was no more "rope." I looked into a face I did not recognize, drained of all expression, shrunken and empty. He never stirred, he scarcely seemed to breathe. Only the faint movement of his lips as he repeated "Ba-ba-ba" assured me that he was still alive.

At noon on the tenth day Zirato announced that the Italian Ambassador was calling to pay his respects. The Ambassador, Rolando Ricci, was admitted. He was a tall thin man with a gray beard and he wore a pink carnation in his buttonhole. He kissed my hand without speaking, and stood looking down at Enrico for a long moment. Then, bending close to his face, he said in a slow firm voice, "Caruso! I come with a message to you from your country and your king. They want you to live." Minutes seemed to pass. Then I heard a faint voice speaking. "Let me die in my country."

"The last time I heard you sing was in Lisbon—*Carmen*," said the Ambassador. He took the pink carnation from his coat and laid it in Enrico's hand.

"Not *Carmen*—it was *Le Cid*," whispered Enrico. He tried to raise the flower to his lips, but it was too heavy. He gave a long sigh and fell into a natural sleep.

DURING Enrico's illness thousands of letters had arrived from every part of the world. Children wrote that they were praying for him; priests and rabbis asked their congregations to join in special supplications; simple old Italians wrote of old remedies—massage with onions, or wilted lettuce leaves hung around the neck; others sent blessed rosaries and medals, holy pictures and even relics of saints.

The attempts of many strangers to enter the apartment made us realize that our door must be watched, and I

knew the man who would guard it with his life—old Schol, chief of the Metropolitan claque by night, umbrella-maker by day. The adoration of this little German Jew for Enrico was beyond anything I have ever known. After every performance at the Metropolitan he was always waiting at the stage entrance to open the door of Enrico's car and hear the beloved voice say, "Ah, Schol. Good night and thank you." Even when Enrico sang outside of New York, Schol always came to perform this happy service. Once he had been greatly rewarded. It was just before Enrico was to record *"Eli Eli"* in Hebrew for the Victor Company. We were returning from an out-of-town concert and, knowing that Schol was on the train, Enrico sent for him.

"Schol, can you tell me how to say these words?"

The little man took the sheet of music that Enrico held out to him and read it through. "Yes, I can tell you, Signor Caruso." He meticulously taught Enrico how to pronounce each word, then rose, bowed and left us. Touched by the look of dignity and pride on the old man's face, Enrico said, "Schol is my really friend, and I am his. We have not many, him and me."

And so it was Schol who was chosen to sit at a little table in the corridor outside the entrance to our apartment, with a book spread out before him for visitors to sign. He was no longer Schol the umbrellamaker, but Michael the archangel, guarding the gate of heaven.

ENRICO often spoke of going to Italy for the summer. From a seed catalogue he planned a garden for Signa and cabled to Martino, his major-domo, the names of all the flowers he wanted him to plant. It did him good to talk of his country, of the bright fields and the warm slow movement of peasant life. I remembered walking with him one morning on a road above the Bay of Naples and seeing a boy, ragged, dirty and beautiful, lying on a low wall. When he saw us he sat up and held out his hand, asking for a penny. Enrico said, "And if I don't give you a penny, what then?" "Then, signor, I will still have the sun." That boy was the Italy Enrico longed for.

And then, one afternoon, while I was playing with Gloria, the nurse came to the door, holding a thermometer.

"How much?" I asked.

"A hundred and one and a half."

I sent for the doctors.

Dr. Erdman's examination disclosed that a deep abscess had developed between the hip and the ribs, due to the poisonous seepage from the pleura. He would have to operate again, and this time without a general anesthetic because of Enrico's weakened heart. I felt a sick horror. "Won't that hurt him too much, Doctor?" He answered, "I don't know. I will do my best."

Dr. Erdman performed the operation, and in twenty-four hours Enrico's temperature was normal and in two days he was well. But in a week another abscess formed, followed by another operation; and within ten days the whole ghastly procedure had to be gone through again. Nothing is worse than to see someone you love suffer, yet it was the very strength of my love which gave me the courage to be present during the operations. The fourth abscess couldn't be located and his suffering during the probing was beyond human endurance.

During the night Enrico's temperature kept climbing and it was obvious that he was growing weaker. At two o'clock in the morning I was sitting in the studio, trying to put together a jigsaw puzzle to keep my mind off a number on a thermometer. Dr. Stella appeared in the doorway and beckoned. "Come, Madame Caruso," he said, "it is his heart—he may have only ten minutes to live." As we reached the door he said, "Don't frighten him."

I sat down on a chair beside the bed and listened. He was breathing. The nurses were injecting ether and oil of camphor into his arms. I looked at the still figure outlined under the sheet, and at the thin unconscious face, and I felt that by remaining as motionless as he I could pour into him all my strength and youth and health—that I alone now could keep him alive. . . . I sat like this, without moving even the end of a finger, for seven hours. Once I heard a nurse say, "The pulse is stronger." Later I heard Dr. Stella say, "I think he'll live. . . ."

Dr. Murray touched my arm, "It's all right now, Mrs. Caruso. Go and rest—it's nine o'clock." I walked to the door and fainted.

That morning the doctor located the abscess at once. Although it drained perfectly, Enrico's weakness continued and after several days it was decided to give him a blood transfusion.

From that day he began to recover and the doctors told him that he could go to Italy in a few weeks if he took great care of himself during his convalescence. I think this promise made him well.

The day before sailing to Italy we went out for our last drive. Enrico said we would stop at one place to pay a bill—"I not want to leave owing someone, so we go there first."

I didn't know we were going to the office of the doctor who had taken the X-rays. He was out, but his young assistant, whom we had never seen before, received us.

We had already said good-by and were at the door when the young man stopped us. "By the way, Mr. Caruso, your rib has already grown half an inch." My heart turned over.

"My *rib*?"

There was no way to stop what followed. The young doctor brought Enrico the X-ray plates and showed him where four inches of his rib had been removed.

The door closed behind us. Enrico stood motionless in the corridor and stared at me. "Doro! My rib is gone!"

I took his arm and we walked to the car.

"Do you mind if we go home?" he said. "I do not feel to drive today."

On the way home I waited for him to speak, but he simply said nothing at all. Nor could I find anything to say—he was beyond consolation.

When we reached the apartment he went directly to the studio, where Fucito was packing the scores. "Do not work any more, Fucito," he said, "I have decided not to take with me my music."

I watched him from the door. He walked slowly to the piano and with a gentle gesture closed the lid.

WE approached Naples at sunset and saw Vesuvius smoking in the distance. As Enrico and I were standing on the ship's bow, Punzo joined us. As he stood beside us, gazing at his old city lying in the golden light, Enrico burst out at him. "You are enjoying to be lazy as usual? Have you no head? Do you forget you have work to do? Go then and pack."

After he had gone Enrico said, "Poor Punzo. I tell you something, Doro, only he does not know. I bought for him a nice house in Naples and put money in the bank for him and his wife. He will have big surprise. We will tell no one in Naples that he was my servant—we say he is my assistant. Punzo is a proud man, and here is his home."

After a few days in Naples we sailed across the bay to

**Caruso making a record**

Sorrento, where we took a floor in the Hotel Vittoria. It was perfect for Enrico, as all the rooms opened on a long covered terrace above the Mediterranean.

Our meals were served on the terrace and it was there he taught little Gloria her first steps and her first Italian words. All the week he slept and rested, and then one morning he felt strong enough to walk in the hotel gardens

and visit the town. We walked very slowly across the sun-lit *piazza*. He hadn't walked so far since his illness, and I found many pretexts to stop and rest along the way. The doctors had warned me that he must put no strain on his weak heart, that he must never overtire himself. Above all they advised me to conceal this fact from him, since to worry about it might only retard his progress. Neither did I dare confide this secret to his relatives or friends, knowing that they would immediately repeat it to him. He knew only that there was still one spot in the center of the last incision which hadn't yet healed. It was no bigger than the head of a pin, and each morning I touched it with iodine and covered it with gauze.

One afternoon, during an excursion to Pompeii with a group of Enrico's New York friends, a young man approached and said, "Signor Caruso, if I come to Sorrento will you give an audition and tell me what you think of my voice?" I think I have never seen an expression as pitiful as Enrico's when he answered, "You want to sing? Yes, I will hear you. Come tomorrow morning." The boy, enraptured, said he would come at eleven. "Bring some music with you," Enrico called from the car.

The next morning I dressed before Enrico wakened. When he came out on the terrace he was paler than usual from the strenuous day at Pompeii, but said he had slept.

"I go on no more excursions—it is enough," he said. We drank our coffee and waited for the boy.

I felt a shock when I saw that he had brought with him the score of *Martha*—I had expected some Neapolitan songs, not one of Enrico's best-loved operas.

"What voice you have—baritone?"

"No, Signor Caruso, tenor."

"So—you sing my part. Well, we try."

We went into the salon and Enrico seated himself at the piano. "I know not to accompany—just some chords," he said. Neither his voice nor his eyes had any expression. I thought, "This is too horrible. How will he be able to stand it?"

From the first note I knew that the boy had no voice. Enrico stopped him, told him not to be nervous and to begin again. I went to my room to wait.

I heard them talking. The boy began again. I heard Enrico say, "No, no." There was a moment of silence.

And then I heard a voice! I ran to the salon. There stood Enrico, singing as he had never sung before. His voice was like a shower of stars, more beautiful than it had ever been. As he finished the song he flung out his arms. His face was transfigured. "Doro, I can sing! I can sing! I have not lost my voice. I can sing!"

MUSIC had come back into our lives. All that day, with an enthusiasm I had never heard from him before, Enrico talked of singing—not as hard work, a trust and a responsibility, but as a source of life and happiness.

That evening I sent Gloria's phonograph down to the hotel terrace and after dinner Enrico gave a concert of his records. As that voice poured through the evening air people came silently from the salons and gardens to listen. He made little comments on his singing and hummed happily as he chose his songs. At midnight he sent Mario to fetch waltz and tango records, told everyone to dance and said good night.

In our room I watched as he lay reading the newspaper and noticed that his eyes weren't following the printed lines. "Are you all right, Rico?" "Oh, yes," he answered, but he gave a little sigh. "I think on the time when Gloria will reach to the door handle. You know I don't mind to die, only I hate not to see our little girl grow up."

When I returned from an hour's visit to the beach the next afternoon, Mario met me at the door to say that Enrico had a visitor. I went to his room and found him lying down. An old, old man was bending over him. He held a probe in his hand and I saw that the hand was dirty.

"This is the doctor who took care of my dear mother," Enrico said.

"What is he doing with that probe?" I asked.

"I just show him my scars—"

"He should wash his hands before touching you."

"I know, but I not like to hurt his feelings, my Doro."

The old man didn't understand what we were saying and before I could stop him he lifted the little crust that I dressed so carefully each day and pushed his unsterilized probe into the old incision. "It is all healed but so much," he said, measuring off an inch on the probe with his dirty thumbnail.

The next morning Enrico looked feverish and I asked Nanny for a thermometer. He had a temperature of 101. The infection had started all over again.

I asked him to let me call a doctor, but he refused.

On Saturday night, suddenly, he became delirious. Unless we could break the fever I was afraid that his heart would collapse. I asked Mario to bring a tumbler of

whisky, and little by little Enrico managed to swallow it. In a few minutes he broke into such a violent sweat that the sheet clung to his entire body. His temperature began to fall and he slept.

In the night I decided that I could no longer, alone, take the responsibility for his life. I telephoned to his brother Giovanni in Naples that he was to engage a private train from Naples to Rome, reserve rooms in Naples at the Hotel Vesuvius, where we would stay overnight, and come at once to Sorrento to help us move.

Giovanni arrived early the next morning, Sunday, and we left for Naples by the noon boat.

ALTHOUGH in the hotel that night Enrico went to sleep with a temperature of 104, I found him sitting up in bed the next morning. He asked for Gloria, played with her for a few minutes, then kissed her and let her go.

It was the first of August and Naples was deserted. I stood on the balcony outside our windows, in the white burning glare of the bay, and watched a boy eat a watermelon. "It is a good fruit," Enrico said, "you eat, you drink and you wash your face."

Inside the air was cooler. "I will close the curtains and perhaps you can sleep," I was saying when, without warning, Enrico's eyes fixed on me with a startled stare and he screamed. Instantly Mario raced past the door, crying "I will find a doctor."

It was like Christmas Day. Enrico shrieked with every breath he drew. This time I had no ether and while waiting I could only hold him in my arms and wipe his poor dripping face. . . . Mario came back to report that all the bellboys had been sent out to find doctors but that most of them had left the city for the summer holidays. The frightened manager rushed up to tell me that all the hospitals had been notified, that surely some doctor would soon be found. . . . But no one came.

Enrico had screamed for four hours before the first doctor arrived. His hand trembled so with fright that he couldn't make an injection of morphine, so I took the syringe and did it for him. In ten minutes the screams stopped and Enrico fell into a stupor.

Then, one after another, six more doctors arrived. They examined Enrico, then went into the salon to confer. When they sent for me an hour later I found them seated around the big table. They told me that they proposed to remove the left kidney that night, but dared not give complete anesthesia because his heart wouldn't stand the strain. If they operated he would live two weeks in terrible pain,

and at the end of that time his chance of living was only one in a thousand; but on the other hand, if they didn't operate he would die before morning. It was I who must make the decision.

At last I said, "Of course it must be done. But before you start the kidney operation I ask you first to open the lower incision in his side, under the little scar. Go in four inches and with your fingers feel for an abscess the size of a walnut. Break it and insert a drain—in twenty-four hours he will be out of danger. I will take all the responsibility. If you don't find the abscess, then you can operate on the kidney."

They asked me to leave them while they discussed my decision. After an hour they called me back and announced that it was useless to operate at all.

I pleaded with them with all my strength to probe for the abscess, but they refused. I beat at them desperately with my arguments, but they seemed not to hear. "At least give him a blood transfusion," I begged. This they also refused. All they would consent to do was to send for a tank of oxygen.

In spite of what they said I could not believe he was near death. With every part of my being I concentrated on his living, as I had done that long night in New York.

He looked strange and gray in the dawn, as I knelt beside him with my hand against his cheek. Hours passed. . . .

The doctor beside me lifted his wrist to count the pulse. I heard the wall clock striking nine. He opened his eyes and looked at me.

"Doro—I—am—thirsty—" He gave a little cough. "Doro—they—hurt—me—again." He began to gasp for air.

"Don't be afraid, Rico darling—everything is all right."

"Doro—I—can't—get—my—breath—"

I saw his eyes close and his hand drop. I hid my face and thought, "At last Enrico is well." I wanted to go out in the sunlight, but knew I could not because no one would understand. From far away came sounds of weeping and two nuns entered, murmuring prayers. I rose from my knees and walked out of the door without looking back.

ALL Naples talked about the King's offer of the Royal Basilica of the Church of San Francisco di Paola for Enrico's funeral—a unique tribute, as only funerals for members of the royal family had ever been held there. I alone in all the city could not feel the weight and glory of this solemn honor. There had been many kings, but only one Caruso. Although I knew that he was lying downstairs and that crowds were filing by to look at him for the last time, I could not believe that he would never again come smiling into a room saying, "Ah, you are there, my Doro." I waited and waited to wake from this incredible dream.

The life of the city stopped on the day of the funeral. Flags hung at half mast; the shops were closed, covered with crepe. At eleven o'clock the great bell began to toll, and for the first time I went out into the living world without Enrico. His stepmother, brother and elder son were waiting for me and we drove through a glare of white buildings that shone dimly through the dusk of my veil. I sat in the carriage in desolate isolation and watched the others weep.

Inside the church thousands and thousands of faces turned toward me. At the end of the long aisle, before the altar rail, stood a high catafalque covered with flowers. On the top, very far away from me, I saw a coffin. The organ was playing. I walked up the aisle toward my place within the sanctuary and the high Requiem Mass began. . . .

The green and flowering cemetery of Del Planto lies on the outskirts of Naples. It was there, in a chapel lent to us until his own could be built, that I left Enrico.

I didn't return to the Hotel Vesuvius, but went directly to the quiet Bertellini, high above the city, where Mario, Brunetta and Nanny were waiting. Baby met me at the door. She had two tiny black bows pinned on the shoulders of her little white frock.

In my bitter and defeated grief I didn't speak of Enrico at all, and I longed to close my mind to all memories. Yet day after day I sat at my desk for hours to answer the messages of a sorrowing world. They came from Alexandra of England, from Samuel Gompers of New York, from a newsboy in Chicago and a shepherd in Scotland—from thousands of the multitude that had loved his divine voice.

One message came from Germany and said simply, "I am coming." It was signed "Schol."

For many days he didn't appear and then one morning he was waiting in the salon. He told me he had left Munich the day Enrico died but had been arrested at the border. He was carrying with him his life savings of five thousand dollars and had no idea that he wasn't allowed to take this money out of the country. Nevertheless, the Germans put him in prison, took everything away from him, and now he possessed nothing but the suit he was wearing.

He told his story in a few words, then paused. "Can I see him?" he asked at last. I said gently that I wouldn't go with him and explained that he would find Enrico lying under a shelter of glass as though asleep. He thanked me and left for the cemetery.

When he came back he stood before me on the terrace and looked at the sky. After a long pause he spoke.

"I leaned over and whispered to him, 'Don't you know poor old Schol?' But he did not answer me."

That was all he said, but at last I was able to cry.

IN September I went to Signa. For the first time since Enrico's death I was free of Italian relatives, bankers and lawyers and could go ahead with my plans for returning home.

Martino showed me the flowers Enrico had chosen in New York from the seed catalogue. Now they were in full bloom outside my window.

I knew that one day I would have to hear his voice again on a record. The thought that it might come from a strange house, through an open window, was unbearable—I could prepare myself for this anguish only by first facing it here, and alone. One afternoon I sent all the servants out of the villa and went to the music room. I chose one of the gayest of his songs and put it on the victrola.

Once again his voice was in the room, but I sat listening almost without recognition, my heart locked in ice, until I saw Gloria stumbling through the doorway, holding out her arms and calling, "Daddy! Daddy!"

My interviews with the head farmer, the administrator, the appointed guardians of Gloria, and all the business and inventories of Enrico's vast estate were finished. It was time now to leave Italy. Mario told me that he and Brunetta would like to go to France and take care of me until I sailed. He never wanted to valet anyone else after Enrico and he planned to look for a position in some shop in Florence. I said I thought it would be nicer for Brunetta if he had his own shop—so I gave it to him and he was glad.

Old Schol was waiting for us in Le Havre. As the boat was about to sail Mario said, "*Signora*, Brunetta and I have one last favor to ask of you." He took Brunetta's hand and they smiled at me. "May we make a baby now?" From far away came the picture of Enrico sitting at his desk, giving them permission to marry at last, but with the warning, "No babies!"

IT is now twenty-three years since Enrico died. More than half my life has been lived in the memory of three brief years—those years which at first I struggled desperately to forget, then only to remember.

This book has been finished on his birthday—he would be seventy-one today. I have been sitting by the radio, listening to his voice singing gloriously on a memorial program.

He would have liked this tribute. He would have said, "So kind of them to remember, after so long."

THE END

Puzzle 356 3/16/46

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By Helen Greenwood

**LUCY POATE STEBBINS** and her son, **Richard Poate Stebbins**, have subtitled their remarkably fine biography, The Trollopes, The Chronicle of a Writing Family. And rightly, for surely no other single family ever contributed as many words to English literature.

The book covers the lives of the three foremost writing Trollopes, Frances, and Anthony and Thomas, her sons. It is Frances who stands out in the biography—vigorous and dynamic, she traveled extensively and wrote prodigiously. The Domestic Manners of the Americans is her best-remembered work today. In it she wrote: "I certainly believe the women of America to be the handsomest in the world, but as surely do I believe they are the least attractive." The United States of the early nineteenth century did not fare too well in the hands of Frances Trollope, but her American experiences had not been fortunate—her son Henry was taken ill, she herself contracted malaria, and her financial adventure in Cincinnati was a disastrous failure.

*Lucy Poate Stebbins*

Of the two other writing Trollopes—there were seven children—Thomas Adolphus is most favored by the biographers. The portrait of Anthony Trollope seems scarcely to do him justice. He is portrayed as a rather ne'er-do-well and dull young man who felt a deep need to be established in a conventional sense. That most delightful of all Victorian novels, Barchester Towers, is dismissed in a few passages.

Because of the wealth of their material, the authors have been necessarily brief and their brevity has resulted in happily turned phrases like the comment on Thackeray's daughter—"she loved adjectives too well to choose between them."

Published by Columbia University Press, N. Y. Price $4.

**ALL WOMEN ARE WOLVES**, by **Abner Silver**, is a bright, light book for bachelors—wives will object to benedicts reading it. Mr. Silver says it is "the blind pathetic goof" he is worrying about—"the man who is so flattered at the bestowal of a woman's favor when the poor guy isn't hep to the fact that it is *he* who has surrendered."

He goes on to tell the sad stories of friends of his who have been snared by the wily huntresses. However, the most practical sections of the book describe the various types of lady wolves and their deadly techniques. There is the Outdoor Wolf who is devastating in riding breeches, the Intellectual Wolf—"Even in double talk she can prattle on the sex life of a rattlesnake, the San Francisco Conference and the social significance of the minor Elizabethan poets." However, Mr. Silver seems to feel that the deadliest of them all is the Baby Face Wolf.

*Abner Silver*

Published by the Readers Press, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.

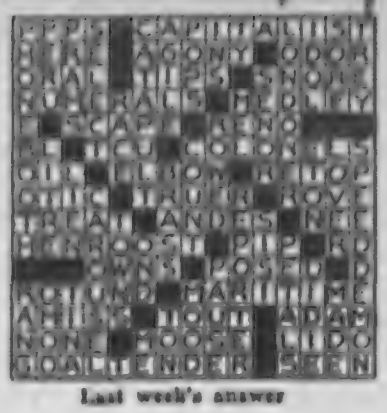
**RALPH FRYE'S Uncle 'Lish** is a book of lively reminiscences about the author's great-uncle, Captain Elisha Hathaway, retired shipmaster.

Uncle 'Lish, one of the most scandalous residents of Sicasset, Massachusetts, was the bane of his proper family's existence, but his small great-nephew enjoyed him. Even young Ralph was baffled, however, when the old man took him to Boston to see Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, and she was, surprisingly, quite pink and white and had yellow curls.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y. Price $2.

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

## By Ted Shane



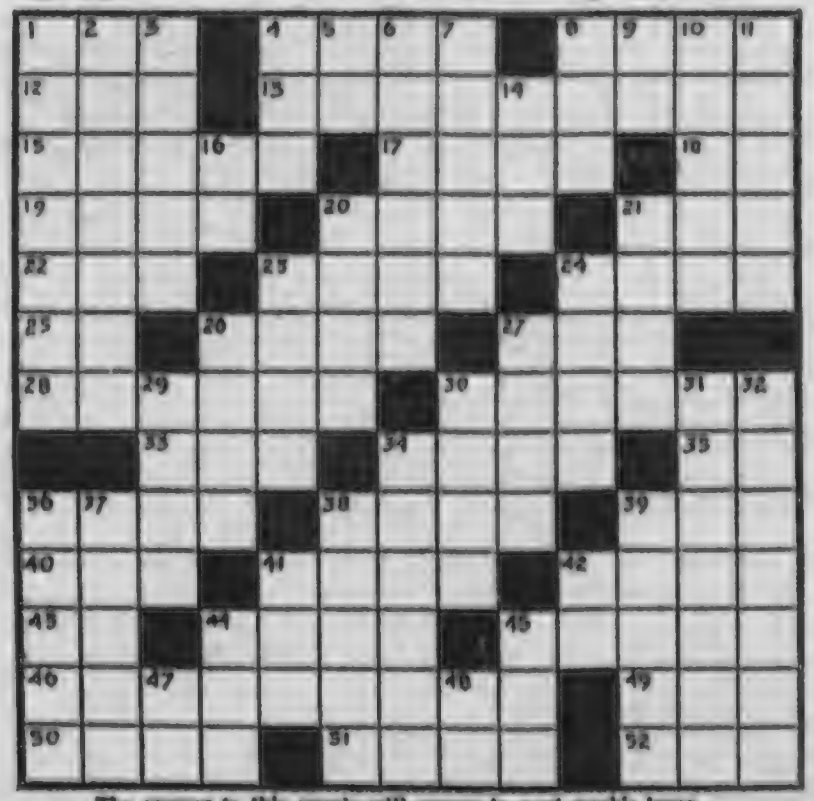
Last week's answer

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Proper expression for greeting atomic blondes
4 What Semite is anti-Semitic?
8 What's the ninth Greek letter?
12 What's the plural of *os*, meaning an opening?
13 Atoms are split in what device?
15 Bess, unless hungry, have a what of two miles?
17 Spreads new-mown grass for drying
18 What is one of advertising's great modern discoveries? (abbr.)
19 A rhizome's a what growing underground?
20 Offshore harbor
21 Slang for hat is what?
22 Complete: —— quay, Devonshire
23 Complete this gag: A taxi stopped with a ——, and Shane got out!
24 Palermo's the name of a what?
25 What fills the conversational void?
26 The greater part of hell's population are probably whats?
27 During prohibition what was panther sweat?
28 What changes mechanical into electrical energy?
29 Name the immortal chief of baseball
33 Italy's Primo Carnera was known as the Ambling what?
34 The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is really a what?
35 Seventeenth Hebrew letter
36 What kind of bird lives indoors in a steel cage?
38 What's backward about going forward?
39 LII x II equals what?
40 What's 45 inches in England, 37 in Scotland?
41 What was known as the German-American First Committee?
42 When dried, what's known as nutmeg?
43 Stratosphere subway (abbr.)
44 If the Dems're in, Reps're whats?
45 Roman ten-leaf and entrail reader
46 What's a *Rosalie tarandus*, used in ethereal transportation? (pl.)
49 Prefix: very, much
50 The Scotch afterward
51 Kind of judgment
52 Name the home of a well-known miller's dotter

**VERTICAL**

1 Gabardine's technically a what?
2 Early November gales are usually caused by what?
3 Big and Little Poison are the nicknames of what baseball brothers?
4 What's the given name of radio's Goodman who writes and plays in Easy Aces?
5 Two thirds rye
6 Equity's the name of the what union?
7 Name Dickens' famed House
8 Possessive pronoun
9 Coupling device
10 Who heads the teamsters' union?
11 Cathode's opposite
14 Complete this old simile:—as Dick's hatband
16 UAW's favorite duellist (abbr.)
20 Name the West's biggest separation center
21 Name the Swedish Nightingale
23 Name a variety of jive
24 What can a man do in one fortieth of a second to get into serious trouble?
26 Name the Governor of Georgia who signed the Declaration of Independence
27 Man's nickname
29 Horny scale
30 Caesar was what overhead?
31 Pure ice (anag.)
32 Harry James battered what Debussy opus into a hit?
34 Name the burner used in labs
36 What're Brooklyn burps, Philadelphia phlurggs, or Michigan moos?
37 The Bally of song hung out in a what?
38 Derbies are hung on trombones to act as whats?
39 Barred
41 Doc, Mac, and Jack've given way to what term of informal address?
42 Cowlike Greek letter
44 Mystics say in marriage one and one make what?
45 Name the spitting snake of Africa
47 Not out
48 Who'd qualify as the god of Miami?



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

# "For Gracious Hospitality on Any Occasion – Share the Friendly Warmth of ROMA Sherry"

says ELSA MAXWELL

## Taste-Luxury of Fine ROMA Sherry – Yours to Enjoy... at Low Cost!

Enjoy this simple luxury that costs so little—ROMA California Sherry. Delicious appetizer before the meal ...perfect *first call for dinner*. Delightful, later in the evening, too. Glowing and fragrant; naturally sweet and nut-like, a happy mellow wine for any occasion. If you prefer a dryer, lighter Sherry, select distinguished ROMA California Pale Dry Sherry.

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# ROMA ESTATE *Wines*

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## HIGH TIDE

Continued from Page 29

were just big enough for fairy Chinamen three inches tall with long black queues and gowns of sky-blue silk.

"Want me to scrape some off for you?" Adin asked.

"Oh, no."

"Well, okey-dokey. Only that was what we came for."

"I just like to look at them," Cyrilly said again. "Just to remember. I bet you I'll remember today forever and ever."

"Hey there! Marshmallows!" Roger Renfrew yelled. "Hey there, you two. Come on and get your share."

The fire had burned down to shining coals. They toasted the marshmallows on peeled birch sticks. Hope and Valerie wouldn't eat but one apiece. "Too goocy," Val said, poking at her braces. "And they make you fat besides."

Hope said, "I'm afraid I've just about outgrown the toasted-marshmallow stage." Her face didn't look egg-shaped since she had taken off her cap. Her fair straight hair borrowed gold lights from the sun. It wasn't nearly so thin as it used to be. She held up both hands, studying her fingernails, painted with lacquer she had swiped from her sister. "Marshmallows are too utterly young," she said.

"They taste good to me and they always have and they always will," Cyrilly declared. She turned her stick, watching the marshmallow swell to delicate golden brown all over. Nothing could taste better after swimming. "Tide's high round two o'clock tomorrow," she said.

"It can be high or low for all of me," Hope answered airily. "I'm going to the yacht races at Marblehead, thank heaven. Something to do for once that isn't utterly boring."

All of them were going to the races, it appeared. Talk fled away from Cyrilly to names of people and boats and places she had never seen. The kids missed a day's swimming every once in awhile. But there were plenty of days after tomorrow. Summer would end, but next summer was coming, and it would be just the same. . . .

"See you day after tomorrow," Adin said.

"Well, I guess so."

"We could explore the pool again—you know?"

"I guess we could." She bent down, tying on her grimy sneakers. "Adin, do you suppose next summer will be just as much fun as now?"

"Why not? More fun all the time, if you ask me. Dad says that Paul and I can have a catboat next year, sure."

"Well, but I mean—getting older—" She gave it up. "I guess I better be going now," she said.

The sun was low. Her long black shadow trailed behind her through the pasture. Ma would be having a fit about the dishes, but tomorrow she could stay at home and work. No—oh, no. Tomorrow she would go swimming just the same. She would go all alone. She didn't care.

JUNE, 1936. One of those days when everyone wanted to know if this was hot enough for you. Cyrilly stopped in at the drugstore for a soft drink on her way from work.

Dolph Peters said, "How about a date for the show tonight?"

"I'll think it over," Cyrilly said, sliding her nickel across the counter.

"This one is on the house," Dolph said.

"No, thanks."

At seventeen, Cyrilly knew that it is always better to pay your way. Free rides could be expensive in the end. She lifted her eyes, fringed by dark curly lashes. "Where's Mona today?" she asked.

"How would I know?" Dolph said. But his eyes wavered. His ears went red. Mona was out of town or he would not have asked Cyrilly for a date. Dolph Peters and Mona Pritchard were going steady—which was to say they would be married in a couple of years, when Dolph was twenty-one. The hardware store and the drugstore: a good match. But it didn't follow that a fellow couldn't have some liberty once in awhile. Cyrilly was a smooth number, if looks meant anything.

"Well, I guess that's that," Dolph said, and began to wash the glass. Cyrilly fixed her lips before she left. The perfume she used was heavy and oversweet; her thin pink sweater fitted just the way sweaters like that were meant to fit; she slipped from her stool and clicked across the floor on high spiked heels. Dolph stared for an instant at the place where she had been. His eyes were puzzled. A girl like that—yet nobody could get a date with her. It sure was funny.

CYRILLY dawdled on Main Street, waiting for the bus. It was too hot to walk all the way home today; the half mile from the corner would be enough. The bus came, crowded with commuters from the depot. They thinned out fast in the next mile or so, until at the end of the line Cyrilly was the last passenger but one. She sat up front, next to the door, and didn't see Adin, bright-haired, hatless, carrying a suitcase, till he got out just behind her.

"How are you, Cyrilly?" he said.

"Well, Adin Lerrigo! Knock me down with a feather. Long time no see."

"It's been quite a while at that. *Tempus fugit*," Adin said.

"I'll say it does. Must be all of three years. You here for the summer now?"

"That's the idea." Adin shifted his suitcase to the other hand. He said, "The family came down a week ago. I sent a wire, but they must have missed it somehow, and I wasn't quick enough to grab a taxi at the station."

"Sure is nice to see you again," Cyrilly said.

They walked together toward the houses on the Point. The Gage place first, the cottages farther down. Wild roses were in bloom beside the road, and Cyrilly pulled off a fragrant cluster, heedless of thorns. She touched her lips with them lightly as she talked—pink was the right color for black-haired girls. Adin had certainly grown a lot in the last few years. He used to be small for his age, but not any more. He had finished prep school now — high school that meant—and had been in college for a year. He had spent a summer in Europe and one on a

(Continued on page 54)

# TO MAKE DREAM HOMES COME TRUE

America, always a home-loving land, now readies herself to move into wondrous new homes whose comforts and conveniences will match those of any air castle of the mind . . . Homes where many of the household chores will be performed by the push of a button . . . Homes whose indoor climate will equal the best that nature has to offer . . . Homes whose rooms will be healthfully warmed by the steady, uniform flow of automatic coal heat.

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*Out of every dollar of Bituminous Coal sales at the mines, the miners receive an average of over 60¢ in wages—the mine owners average about 2¢ profit.*

**BITUMINOUS COAL . . . LIGHTS THE WAY . . . FUELS THE FIRES . . . POWERS THE PROGRESS OF AMERICA**

(*Continued from page 52*)

dude ranch in Wyoming; but he wasn't a bit sorry to be back at the Point. No other place quite like it; he didn't know why. He was still talking when they reached Cyrilly's gate. She didn't have much to say about herself. Nothing interesting had happened to her. The Gages' picket fence still sagged; the small gray house was just as shabby as ever; a few hens clucked in the yard.

"You still go swimming off the rocks?" he asked.

"Oh, once in awhile." There was a younger crowd swimming down at the Point these days. The Renfrew twins—those babies, honestly! "I'm pretty busy, you see," she told Adin. "I'm working now. I've got a job at the cannery—in the office," she added quickly. "I took typing in high school and I'm saving up to go to business college."

"Swell," Adin said. He set the suitcase down. "Gosh, that thing's heavy." His hazel eyes narrowed ever so little, taking her in from head to foot, lingering on the softness of her throat, on the round firm breasts under the pink sweater. "We used to have a lot of fun," he said.

"I'll say we did."

Cyrilly swung the rickety gate back and forth, back and forth, but made no move to enter. Her lashes lifted, fluttered down again; her smile was half for the sake of good times long ago, and half for the mysterious ecstasy of the present moment—the fulfilled dream of Adin come again, even though she knew that it was only a dream. Things hadn't stayed the same after the summer Adin got his boat. Tomorrow he would be back with his crowd again, forgetting her.

"How about making a date for tomorrow?" he said. "I'd like to see if you can still dive off Chimney Rock."

Tomorrow was Saturday. Cyrilly could go swimming if she chose. She forgot to be wary and calculating now; she forgot about saying no instead of yes, for this was Adin. Her mind went back, seeking for half-remembered radiance in the past. "Gee, I'd love to," she said.

THE last week in August Cyrilly quit her job. She was entering business school right after Labor Day and she had a lot of things to get ready. Sarah Gage watched her preparations with surprised approval. "You've certainly toned down aplenty," she said, fingering one of the plain white blouses Cyrilly had made to wear with her new suit, which was navy blue and plain.

"Styles change," Cyrilly said.

She could hardly remember now why she had been so crazy for red and pink and the highest heels and the fanciest hair-do's. A whole summer shut her away from that other Cyrilly. Making yourself all over wasn't hard when you had a real good reason.

"You're a good hard worker when you set your mind to it, I'll say that for you," Sarah said. "No sense overdoing it, though. Why don't you call up Jennie or Hattie or somebody and go to the movie tonight? You haven't hardly been to a show all summer."

"Not tonight, ma. I can't, really. We're going to have a picnic on the sea rocks," Cyrilly said.

It wasn't lying to tell less than the whole truth. The kids went swimming every day, but the picnic was for Adin and Cyrilly alone. They had planned it several times before, but something always came up—something that Adin had to do. But not tonight, because it was a promise. There was a dish of cold lobster in the icebox. "Can I have this?" she asked.

"Yes, if you want it." Sarah glanced up from the table she was setting for herself and George. Time sure went fast. Cyrilly was almost as old as Marjorie had been, and just about as pretty—prettier, to tell the truth. "I want you home again by dark," she said.

ADIN had brought marshmallows to the picnic. "For old times' sake," he said. "Remember?"

"Mmm."

It was almost dark. Ocean and sky were colorless in the late dusk; there was an east wind with a hint of fog. Cyrilly put on a sweater over her bathing suit—one of Adin's old sweaters. It was comfortable and warm, and fun to wear because of being his. He gave her a marshmallow on a pointed stick and fixed another for himself. He said, "This beats boning up on history, I am not fooling. And I get credit for staying home to study instead of going to York Beach with the gang."

"Why do you have to study in vacation?"

"Flunked an exam or two last spring. It wasn't called for, and my folks know that. So I'm supposed to make it up this summer. Being a freshman went to my head, I guess—too many proms and parties in New York, and this and that. But I've passed that stage. Next year will be a very different matter. I've got to make grades. I want to talk my dad into a year in the Orient after I graduate, you see."

"Why?" Cyrilly asked again.

"Experience," Adin said. "That's why." He began to talk about Bali, where a cousin of his had been not long before, but Cyrilly couldn't be just sure where it was. She tried to remember the map of Asia. Adin intended to write for the magazines and write books. He talked as if a person only had to make up his mind what he wanted to do.

HER marshmallow scorched and caught on fire, but she didn't care. She wasn't hungry. She hadn't been able to eat but a bite of lobster and part of a sandwich.

Daylight was only fading, not quite gone, and they could stay till dark. All the small kids had departed long ago. There wasn't even a dory on the bay. The ocean, the rocks, the quiet dusk belonged to them alone. Adin stretched out, with his head in Cyrilly's lap. He said, "It was obliging of the gang to go off on an all-day jaunt and give us a chance for our picnic finally."

"Yes, wasn't it," Cyrilly said.

Secrecy was still part of being in love. Hand touching hand when no one saw, eyes meeting eyes, smiles meant just for each other; the first sweet stolen kisses. All the sweeter, all the more precious because nobody knew. Your own special treasure for a little while. It would be different by and by. People would have to know that they were going steady; Adin would take her to the show and things like that another summer. She stroked his bright hair. "You aren't going to get much studying done," she said.

"I'm not worried." He caught her hand, pulling her fingers down against his lips. "Like me?" he mumbled.

"You know."

"How would I know unless you tell me?"

"You know," she repeated. "Adin, tell me more about Wyoming. Like about that dance where the cowboys bit each other. That was funny."

"Oh, well, gosh, Cyrilly, that didn't really happen—I mean, I didn't see it, anyhow. I was only kidding."

"Well, I don't care. It was funny just the same. Tell me more."

"You're a strange girl," he said. "You like to listen. Most women want to do all the talking themselves—if you call it talk. Just a line, that's what it is. You take Hope Hillyer, for example—ninety per cent wisecracks, that's her idea of conversation."

"I guess I don't really have a line," she said, "and I like to hear about places you've seen."

(*Continued on page 56*)

## TO MY VALENTINE

Editors are a lousy lot.
You give them everything you've got,
With drama, humor, punch and plot—
And do they buy it? They do not.

They treat you like a brainless tot,
Convince you you're a mental blot
Whose mouthings never were so hot.
Editors are a lousy lot.

Then, feeling like a you-know-what,
You scrawl some pitiable rot . . .
They give the thing a featured spot.
They should be boiled in oil, or shot.

Cretin, fiend, schlemiel, and sot,
Editors are a lousy lot.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

**Shipping Cassia in China** . . . The world's choicest cassia grows on the sloping hills of Southeastern China. Like plump, purple juniper berries from Italy, tangy Valencia peel from Spain, delicate coriander from Czechoslovakia, and *all* the rare botanicals used in Hiram Walker's Gin—it is imported only in the best crop years.

# It's the imported botanicals that give this gin greatness

**James Ungerman** (*right*) joins Christenson Studios, New York City, after 4½ years service at Raritan Arsenal, and enjoys a drink with his new boss, Irving C. Christenson—who is pretty proud of his Martinis. The trick, says Mr. Christenson, is to chill the glass as well as the drink—and to always use Hiram Walker's Gin.

Everybody knows that the finer the botanicals, the finer the gin. And experts say that certain herbs, roots and berries grow plump and succulent only in the special climates of many distant lands.

So Hiram Walker uses *only* imported botanicals . . . pays a premium price to import them only in "vintage years" when they are at their flavorful best.

It is these costlier botanicals—distilled with finest American grain spirits—that give Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin its superlative goodness. 90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1946.

HIRAM
**WALKER'S**
*Distilled London Dry*
**GIN**

(*Continued from page 54*)

"Some day you'll have to see them too."

Her heart leaped up. She heard a promise in the words. Except with him, how could she hope to travel to far places? He had to finish college first, and go to China—maybe. Four years was not too long for getting ready. They were young. A girl who was careful to keep her eyes open and to listen more than she talked could learn a lot in four years' time. A wife who knew shorthand and typing wouldn't be any drawback to an author probably. Dramas piled up in her mind—cloud castles, but it was fun to build them anyway.

FAR out across the bay the recurrent silvery flash of the island lighthouse turned to gold. It was dark now. The tide was coming in. And in Cyrilly's heart, a different tide, mysterious, powerful—but under the softness in her and the wild longing there was a core of strength. "It's time to go," she said.

"Not yet. We can stay awhile longer, can't we?"

But she said steadily, "It's late, Adin. Honest, I have to go."

"I'll see you home," he said.

They went hand in hand through the narrow path which was only wide enough for one. Brambles scratched their bare legs and a cow loomed suddenly out of the dark, a white-faced apparition, more frightened than frightening. They laughed like crazy as she lumbered off. Everything was funny all at once; everything made them laugh. Cyrilly could hardly believe it when the low stone wall showed up in front of her, and the familiar garden. Cyrilly stood still. "Well," she said uncertainly—"well—I guess— It was fun, wasn't it, Adin?"

"You bet." He held her hands, swinging them lightly back and forth. "You're the one," he said. "I'd rather be with you than any girl I've ever known. I don't know why."

"I don't know why, either," Cyrilly said. "I mean, why I—" Her voice broke off. Roman candles in her heart every time she saw him. You couldn't put that into words.

Adin said, "Labor Day next week."

Pain was sudden and unexpected, real as the blow of a fist against her breasts. Labor Day was the end of summer. Winter would come. The cottages would be closed and empty again. She would be riding back and forth to Salem, studying shorthand and stuff, stopping in at the drugstore for hot chocolate instead of iced drinks, going to the show with the girls once in awhile.

Adin's life was different. There were proms and parties in New York—gaiety, glitter, and dazzle. Hope Hillyer lived near New York. Her blonde hair didn't look too thin any more; she wore it shoulder length, as straight and soft and shining as a cap of silver gilt.

"The Lovely Calendar Service. They send a new girl every month."
LIBERTY

"You'll be going away," she said.

"I suppose that's right."

"Going to send me a post card once in awhile?"

He drew her close instead of answering. "Gosh, you are sweet!" he said.

"Am I?"

"Do you know what, Cyrilly? I bet if I stayed on for a few weeks after the folks go back, I could really settle down to work. I don't have to check in at school till the end of the month, and I'd definitely dig in. See what I mean?"

"Oh, yes, I see." She hadn't really taken in anything of this, except that he might stay a little longer and the intolerable ache of parting would be postponed. She leaned against him, feeling the foolish sting of tears in nose and throat. She was seventeen years old; he was nineteen. Real life could not begin for a long time. She had to go to business school and get a job; Adin had to finish college. Three or four years—it was too long! Anything could happen. He could forget her. He could fall in love with someone else.

ADIN kissed her forehead and her closed eyes. "I'd have to batch it at the cottage," he said, "but I don't mind staying alone. Be sort of fun, I imagine, getting meals and all."

"Doing dishes? You?" she whispered. "I'd like to see you."

"You'd be surprised," he said. His hand slipped from her shoulder to her warm breast. He kissed her throat. "Look, Cyrilly, if I do stay on, you could come over once in awhile. We would cook supper together—we'd have fun."

Like keeping house, she thought. Like being married. And in her heart the tide rose strong and high. "Yes, sure I could. I'm a good cook,

no fooling. I'll bake a cake for you and bring it over."

"A cake? Well, I don't know—"

"Chocolate cake, with walnuts. You'll like that."

"Bring me a piece of it," he said.

"Oh, Adin, you can eat it all. You wait and see." She saw it, a symbol of love and wifely cure for him. His voice tore the thin fabric of make-believe. He sounded nervous.

"Well, look. Not a whole cake, Cyrilly. I mean—wouldn't some one know? We have to be careful—"

"Careful?" she said. "Oh—yes." They had always been careful. Every kiss a secret, every word of love hidden and sweet between the two of them. He didn't walk home with her if the gang was there. They couldn't even have a picnic till his folks had gone somewhere. And it had been perfectly all right; but now it wasn't.

His voice—his nervousness—like Dolph Peters. But this was Adin. Cyrilly shivered. She was as cold as ice there in his arms. Her hands shook, taking off the borrowed sweater. She pushed the sweater into Adin's hands with a little laugh that sounded like a sob.

"Don't worry," she said, trying to make her voice amused and smooth like Hope Hillyer's. But the words came harsh, her throat hurt so. "You didn't really think I meant to come? How utterly stupid."

"Cyrilly," he said, dropping the sweater, reaching for her hand.

She jerked away from him. "Leave me alone! So I'm not a lady and I'll never be and I don't care. And that's for you." Her arm swung back. The slap popped like a firecracker and Cyrilly was running up the path toward the small gray house and the two old people there and the picture of Marjorie on the piano.

Adin waited for her on the rocks next day, ready to forgive her and make up, but she didn't come. The following day he walked halfway through the pasture, then turned back. It wasn't till the third afternoon he got as far as the front door and asked for her. Mrs. Gage said Cyrilly wasn't at home.

"Will she be back soon?"

"Not very soon, I guess. She's gone to New York."

"New York!" Adin repeated. "I mean to say—did you say New York?"

"I guess you heard me the first time," Sarah said, and closed the door.

CYRILLY had rented a furnished room. It was clean and bare and lonely and she couldn't afford it long unless she got a job. Her business-school money wouldn't go far in New York. She spread a newspaper open on the bed, reading want ads. . . . "You wait," she whispered to the creeping emptiness. "Oh, just you wait!"

---

*The conclusion of this story will appear next week.*


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## MISS MOFFATT STEPS OUT

Continued from Page 31

ages before the parade appeared, but it was enough to know it was coming and to listen to the stirring march. A drum major came first, twirling his baton. Then the band. Then a group of WACs, trim and marching well. And now—now, the home division was coming! She should have noticed, being a history teacher, whether they were in battle garb or in dress uniform, but she saw only that they were grinning from ear to ear as the crowds cheered.

People pressed close behind her, and she was pushed off the curb into the street.

Ordinarily she would have been in a panic, to be out alone, practically with the parade, but there were such roars, such hand clapping, that she was caught up in the tumult. She pulled her handkerchief from her coat pocket and waved it wildly. The marching columns passed her. She called out, "Hurray! Hurray!" From the mass of men a sergeant noticed her, alone on the street, waving, calling. He was a little drunk and extremely happy. He stepped out of formation, bowed in front of her, chuckled, "Hiya, babe," and stepped back.

She was suddenly conscious of her position and pushed back against the people on the curb. They yielded, for the parade was almost over, and they were already turning away. Her heart was pounding. She felt her way through the crowd and walked, unseeing, home to her room. She sat down on the edge of the bed. Oh, I am so silly, she thought. I'm trembling, and she leaned back on the pillow and took off her stiff felt hat. "It didn't mean anything. Why am I so upset?"

As she lay, and her pulse slowed, it seemed to her that she began to understand.

"It's my own fault that I'm so lonely. I don't *go out* to people. When I did, today, it happened. Someone *responded* to me. I must *participate*."

Why, she had found the answer to everything. She sat up straight.

"I'll go to a hotel for dinner. A *good* hotel. Everyone will be celebrating, and I'll celebrate too."

She did try to be honest with herself, and so she inquired if she had it in mind that a man would speak to her, perhaps the sergeant again, but she denied it indignantly.

"It's only that I'm going to stop being such a *hermit*."

SHE took off the print dress and put on faded gingham and made a pot of tea and a peanut-butter sandwich for her lunch. She washed the cup and teapot, putting the tea leaves in a paper bag and then in the wastebasket. She lay down to take a nap, to be fresh for the evening. Sleep would not come, and she was suddenly alert, deciding what to wear. Her one evening dress, of course. All the women would be dressed. The dress was many years old, but she had worn it only once, at the Board of Education banquet, and there was really nothing about it to go out of style.

She was glad to have something to occupy her and she got up and took the dress out of its cotton bag, brought out the ironing board, and pressed it carefuly. It was an uglier gray than she had remembered. The afternoon dragged. At four o'clock she had another bath. She dressed as slowly as possible. Her white

summer purse would have to do, and there was nothing for it but to wear the shabby topcoat. She would take it off and carry it the moment she reached the hotel door. And she would take a taxi. She took five dollars from an envelope hidden under her flannel nightgowns.

"I sha'n't even *think* about money tonight."

She put a few drops of perfume on her handkerchief. The perfume was old and brown and had a peculiar smell. Her class had given it to her for Christmas ten years ago, the only class ever to give her a present. Why, some of those boys were probably in the parade today. Perhaps they had thought of her as they fought through Africa, Italy, France, and Germany. She put another drop of perfume under the net ruching outlining the neck of the gray evening dress. Six thirty would surely not be too early to arrive at the hotel. At six she sauntered, elegantly, she felt, down the stairs, and called a cab from the telephone in the lower hall. It came almost at once.

"The Buckingham Hotel," she said, but the driver did not seem at all surprised.

IT was a magnificent hotel. The stripped awning reached out to the cab to welcome her. The doorman rushed out to swing open the door. She fumbled in her purse and paid her fare and tipped the driver five cents. She was in the lobby before she realized that she had forgotten to take off her coat. She struggled with it and dropped her purse. A bellboy picked it up for her.

"Check your coat, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you." It was such a relief to see him take it away.

"I should have tipped him, too," and she looked around, but he was not in sight.

The hotel was a confusion of large rooms, gilt and crystal and elegant. The dining room could be any one of them. She wandered around and found it in a distant wing. It was empty, except for dozens of waiters, white-coated, idle, and arrogant. She had strayed halfway across the great room before one appeared beside her and inquired, "Madam is alone?"

Yes, she was quite alone. Yes, a table just anywhere. Thank you. Thank you so much. The table was in the farthest corner. Far away was the raised stand for the orchestra. But it was better not to be too near the music. The waiter flourished a menu and laid it in front of her.

She said firmly, "I'll have a cocktail first, please."

"Yes, madam. What will madam have?"

He was probably deaf.

She said loudly, "A cocktail, please."

"Madam, there are a hundred cocktails, a thousand. A Martini, a Manhattan, a Daiquiri—"


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"Yes, yes, please. Any one. Thank you."

She was red and hot. Her spectacles were opaque with steam. She took them off and wiped them with her handkerchief. Of course, she knew there was more than one kind of cocktail. How stupid. The cocktail was before her. They did have quick service, but she would have liked a little time to get herself together. The drink was pale and a trifle bitter. There was an olive at the bottom of the glass and she ate it gratefully to take away the horrid taste. So that was a cocktail. How could anyone get down enough to be drunk? But she felt a warm glow and was calm when the waiter leaned over with pencil and order pad. She would have liked to choose slowly, for there was a long list of wonderful dishes, all unbelievably expensive. Three dollars and a half for steak, two dollars and a half for broiled chicken. Against her will, she looked hurriedly down the column of prices. There, a dollar and a half, which was not so appalling.

"I'll have the country sausage with apple rings," she said.

"And what else, madam?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all. That's all I care for."

Why, if she had anything else, her five dollars might not be enough. She really was not hungry, anyway. She saw with pleasure that a man and woman had come into the dining room and were headed her way. They took a table near her, the only one more remote than hers. She had felt for an instant that her being there had attracted them to the corner, out of the vast empty room, but they were lovers and leaned their heads together and began to murmur softly. When she caught their eyes, she smiled brightly, but they looked through her and once they kissed. She might not have been there at all, sitting stiffly in the old-fashioned gray dress with net ruching, her streaked gray hair coming out of curl and hanging limply.

There was a candle on her table. She struggled to light it, looking forward to dinner by candlelight, but a draft kept blowing out the matches. "Oh, dear," she said, and gave it up. The waiter put a plate before her. On it were two small patties of dark brown sausage, each topped with a pale fried apple ring. How could they have cooked the sausage so quickly? It almost seemed as though the waiter were trying to hurry her away. Well, she would not be hurried. She was paying for this and she intended to enjoy it.

THE waiter said, "Madam understood that the price of the entree included other things, soup, vegetables, rolls, dessert?"

His tone was bland but his eyes were malevolent. She believed he knew she had not understood. He could have told her in time. She could not send him back now across that great room. And she was hungry, terribly hungry.

"Nothing else. I'll have dessert—and coffee," and she bent her head over her plate. Her eyes smarted.

She thought, If I went out oftener, I wouldn't be so *foolish*.

She ate as slowly as possible and drank all her water, but the waiter did not come to fill up the glass again. She didn't even have bread and butter, and she was accustomed to eating a great deal of bread. It was too provoking. The dining room was beginning to fill. The sausage was good and she felt more cheerful. She looked up between minute bites to watch the people coming in, laughing and joking. Not one of the women had on an evening dress. They were either in sports clothes or

wore very brief black dresses. She looked up and smiled when a party passed her table. No one noticed. She could not divide the last morsel again. The waiter took away her plate and handed her the menu. She was hungrier than when she began, and she would have the richest dessert possible.

"Biskit Tortinny," she said, "and coffee."

"Bisquee Tortoni," said the waiter. "Coffee." And again it was before her before she could say Jack Robinson. The dessert was a tiny thing in a fluted paper basket. The coffee was good and she used all the cream and four teaspoons of sugar. She sipped slowly. For a moment she thought it was her sergeant of the morning who sat down at the table next to her, but of course it was not. He was a much younger sergeant. He looked around uncertainly. The coincidence raised her spirits.

Why, he was alone, too! He was probably far from home and feeling as forlorn as she. I don't *have* to let myself be cheated, she thought. All I have to do is *go out* to people. Like this morning. Her heart beat rapidly. I'll invite him to have dinner as my guest, and I'll have ice cream. She wiped her forehead. Now. Speak to him now.

The young sergeant lifted one hand high and his face shone. A girl with a corsage and a little perky hat was making her way to him, smiling as luminously as he. Miss Moffatt felt suddenly faint and dizzy. The cocktail, of course, was responsible for this dreadful feeling of collapse. She looked about desperately and the waiter shoved before her the check on a silver tray. The cocktail had cost a dollar. She counted out two dollar bills and two quarters. There was fifteen cents left in change in her purse. She added that to the tray and pushed back her chair clumsily. The waiter ignored her.

THE crossing of the room was endless. The long gray dress wrapped itself around her ankles. The dining room was nearly full, the orchestra came in, the violinist tuned his fiddle, and applause sounded from the gay company. The music began as she reached the lobby. She found her way to the checkroom and described her coat. She folded it over her arm.

The doorman said, "Taxi, madam?"

She hesitated. Another thirty-five cents would be an insane extravagance. Then she lifted her chin and pulled the shabby coat around her.

"If you please," she said.

She would go home in glory, as the state division had returned. She had shared in history, and she would tell her class on Monday that they had shared, too. And she would tell them—oh, she would tell them again and again—that the battle was not yet won, that one human being must be kind to another, one race, one nation to another, or the world was lost.

THE END

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# VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

WE'VE publicized the established larger veteran organizations. Now it's time to look into the smaller vet groups. They can get lots done in less time than some of the big outfits.

Typical are New York City's "Celestials," backed by members of the publishing, advertising, and publicity fields, and the "52" with its important group of business sponsors. They perform the simple little services that loom so big to a new vet. For example, they compile background surveys, write letters of introduction, and arrange interviews.

The Bulletin Board realizes that there are many similar organizations and would appreciate being alerted about them.

### Hats Off to Danbury

Congratulations, Danbury, Connecticut, on electing a heroic partially disabled veteran to public office—Steven A. Sprindis. He aims to do away with red tape and lip service and give your veterans recognition and opportunities deserving of your fine community.

Your neighboring community of Norwalk, with the help of the Allied Nations Committee under the able chairmanship of Florence Brooks Adler, is also doing a fine job, helping the vets forge a successful beachhead on the home front.

The Bulletin Board values discussions of veteran activity in all other communities. So let's hear about other home towns.

### Mail Call

Letters have been pouring in at a rate which demands that we clear the old Bulletin Board this session to make room for your queries. So here goes. . . .

* * *

*Capt. Clyde C. Williams, Freeport, N. Y.* The Finance Department interprets the section on twenty-year retirement of Army personnel (WD Circular 310) like this: "The law contemplates pay as attached to a man's enlisted status, rather than as attached to a tour of duty under a temporary appointment as a commissioned officer, for the purpose of computing retired pay." Read this section of the Circular again, and you will note: ". . . 2½ per cent of the average annual enlisted pay he was receiving for the six months immediately preceding his retirement. . . ."

* * *

*Mrs. R. Magnum, Chicago, Ill.* So long as your son remains in a missing status, any allotments of pay he previously authorized will be continued. The remainder of his pay will be retained by the government until some determination of his status is made. If he returns to military control, he will receive the amounts due him. Otherwise the sum will become payable to his estate and will be included in the settlement of his arrears of pay.

* * *

*Harold Dixon, Baltimore, Md.* Executive Order No. 9644, October 19, 1945, gives disabled veterans employed under "war service" temporary appointments (good only for the duration plus six months) the right

Making room

to permanent civil service status. Under this order, you cannot be discharged from civil service so long as your work is satisfactory and there are jobs for which you qualify. Request the agency for which you work to take immediate action to place you on permanent status. Then, in the event of a reduction in force in your agency, you will have preference over nondisabled veterans, or non-veterans, with equal efficiency ratings and length of service.

* * *

*Mrs. A. F. Lee, New Orleans, La.* You may rest assured that your brother, who has been declared deceased by the War Department, is not an amnesia victim. A complete

file of the fingerprints of American servicemen is maintained by the War Department in Washington, and, as you know, fingerprints are positive identification. Even if he had lost his memory and all his papers, his identity could be established through this file.

* * *

*B. E. Prosser, PhM3c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif.* I believe the bill to which you refer was introduced in Congress by Representative Rankin. One of the provisions was that all those whose education had been interrupted by entry into service, who had served eighteen months, and requested release for the purpose of returning to school, should be granted discharges. The bill has not been passed. It must have been popular with men in the service, all right, all right, because the Bulletin Board has received at least fifty inquiries about it during the past two weeks!

* * *

*Mrs. K. R. Hilty, Montgomery, Ala.* The dependent parent or parents of a deceased serviceman may be eligible for pension. Proof of actual dependency must be furnished, to the satisfaction of the Veterans Administration. The law, though, provides no limitation as to when the dependency may begin. Thus death compensation is payable when dependency starts, regardless of date of death of the serviceman. At the nearest Veterans Administration Headquarters, request a Form 535, fill it out, and file with that office for review and decision.

* * *

*Robert Valda, Bremerton, Wash.* A veteran studying or training under Public Law 16 may receive dental or medical treatment through the Veterans Administration, to prevent interruption of his training. The need for treatment need not be based on a service-incurred injury.

* * *

*W. P. Beckham, Sr., Heath Springs, S. C.* The fact that you are drawing retirement pay does not interfere with your right to apply for a readjustment (unemployment) allowance. Apply at the U. S. Employment Service office with which you originally registered for work.

* * *

*R. G. Timons, Rittman, Ohio.* Personal income has no bearing on the amount of subsistence allowance payable to those attending school under the G.I. Bill. All single veterans receive $65 a month, and all with dependents, $90, regardless of private financial status.

---

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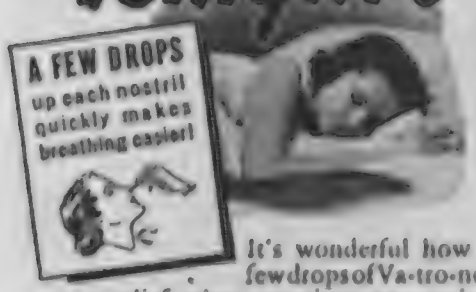


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## A WINNING COMBINATION?

Continued from Page 33

and get acquainted again. Just as I get to the foot of the steps, Herb calls out, "Oh, Rocky, don't let Kate go to any trouble. We have to shove off day after tomorrow."

"Don't worry," I tell him. "We'll just sling a hammock between the bulkheads."

Kate digs some clean sheets out of the linen closet, and I help her make the top bunk of Herbert's bed.

"Herb's changed," Kate says. "It's like he'd found a place for himself."

I nod, and start tidying up the room a bit. It's cluttered with the kid's things, his collection of Army and Navy insignia, his framed certificate of membership in Dusty Dalton's Prairie Patrol, the war trophies Herb sent him from the islands, and the manual-training set he's been working overtime the last couple weeks, turning out a cigarette box for me. I pick up the half-finished box. Suddenly it hits me what Herb meant when he said, "We have to shove off."

"Is Herb going back to California?" I ask, and Kate says, "Of course. He owns that secondhand-car business in Glendale."

I walk over to the window, not saying anything. I look out at the dark back yards, wondering if I'll ever stand here with the kid again and watch the cowboys that only Herbert and I can see as they gallop across the prairie, riding herd on thousands of Texas cattle, kicking up great clouds of dust. I wonder if I'll ever sit here at night and hear the boys down in the corral singing their dogie songs. Funny about those songs, I never was able to hear them before Herbert came.

NEXT day I'm down at the Herald, knocking out a Sunday feature on the mayor's hobby, collecting butterflies, when I hear a wolfish sighing and gasping from the glamor girls on the society desk. I look up to find Herb sailing my way. He's in full uniform, with enough ribbons to cover a couch.

"Just thought I'd drop in and see how your racket works," Herb says.

"Alongside your racket, it's pretty dull."

I draw up a chair for Herb and he hangs around, reading the opposition while I polish off His Honor's butterflies. Then we rendezvous at Ed's Lunch, where I can drink beer on Ed's expansive cuff.

"Rocky," Herb says, midway in our second stein, "I don't know how to say it right, the way I feel it, but I hope you know how much I appreciate your taking care of the kid."

"Herb," I says, "it's the other way round. I ought to thank *you*."

"Quite a youngster, isn't he?"

"Tops."

Herb sets up a round of beers and, to Ed's amazement, pays cash on the line. I tell Ed to call the city desk and tell them I'm out on a policy story; won't be back this afternoon. It's not often I get to lap up lager with a naval hero.

"Rocky," Herb says, frowning, "who's this Dusty Dalton the kid keeps talking about?"

"Oh, Dusty." I laugh, because Dusty's become as much a part of our lives as the corner delicatessen man. "Dusty's the Nimitz of the sagebrush, a radio hero that Herbert and I have struck up a Korn Krunchie friendship with."

"Korn Krunchie?"

"Herb," I says, "you *have* been at sea a long time."

For the next half hour I brief Herb on the kid's heroes, the breakfast-food boys on the air, the comic-book

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

**SKIERED:** Scared to ski.

**ALCOHAUL:** To drag a drunk, tow a tippler, or snag a sot.

**OATH-MEAL:** The cereal you swear by.

**OBSTETRICS:** Science of midwifery for sailors' wives.

**QUARTAT:** Four old ladies making lace.

**STINKTURE:** Essence of asafetida.

**"AH'M NIPOTENT":** Father Divine's claim.

**SAGARETTE:** One that hangs down from your lips.

**REDITOR:** Russian newspaperman.

**SC-ALP:** What's under a Swiss mountain cap.

"It's mouton-dyed lamb. I had it made up special in New York."
LIBERTY

marvels, the Sunday full-color set. It's a whole new world for Herb. He doesn't even know what a zombie is.

"I've sure got a lot to learn," Herb says, picking at the pretzel dish, and for the first time since he's been back I see that faraway look in his eyes. He's suddenly not sure of himself. For a long time he just sits there, thinking, not saying anything, then he snaps out of it. He smiles and says, "The kid sure swears by you."

"Me?" I says. "Why I'm just a 4-F newshawk, but you—well, I tell you, the way Herbert had that Pacific war mapped out, he couldn't understand why we needed Halsey and MacArthur when we had you out there."

"Confidentially," Herb says, "Halsey and MacArthur were a big help to me."

"Ed," I sing out, "two more steins."

ON the way home Herb ducks in a florist's and picks up a fistful of posies for Kate, and I'm not going to be topped in gallantry, so I snag a two-pound box of candy with a big red bow. Then I suddenly remember it's Wednesday, so I stop by Doc Sampter's drugstore and pick up the latest issues of the comic books for Herbert.

"Rocky," Herb says, when we get back to the car, "you'd better give me a list of these things before I leave tomorrow."

"Sure."

A couple times on the way home I see Herb pick up one of the comic books, glance at it and frown. "I don't want to slip up," he says.

"Don't worry," I tell him.

Kate makes a pretty fuss over the flowers and candy, and I look around for Herbert. On Wednesday he's usually panting at the door for his weekly comic rations. Kate catches my eye and nods upstairs.

"He's packing," Kate says.

"Oh." I riffle the pages of a comic book. "Well, I better give him his books," I mumble, backing out of the room. "He can read them on the train."

I find the kid squatting cross-legged in the middle of the floor, a half-filled suitcase beside him. He's fingering the leather holster of the fancy cap pistol I got him for his birthday. I hand him the comic books. He puts them down on the floor without opening them.

"Well," I chirp, trying to be cheerful, "I guess this is the last snow you'll see for awhile."

The kid sticks some socks in one corner of his suitcase. I park myself on the edge of the lower bunk and light a cigarette. Herbert stuffs a handful of Army shoulder patches in an empty sugar sack. "Rocky," he blurts out, "they got papers in California."

"I thought of that," I tell him, "but I've been on the Herald too long. They know me and I know them. It's a little late for me to break in a new set of editors."

Herbert looks down at the floor, then his eyes fall on a Scout knife and he picks it up. "I gotta give this back to Lennie," he says, and I can see he's thinking about his gang. I know how tough it is for him to leave them.

"You'll build up a new gang in Glendale," I tell him. "I bet you have a swell outfit in no time."

He slips the knife in his pocket, picks up the first thing he sees. It's my cigarette box. He starts to put it in the suitcase, then realizes I'm watching him. He holds it in his hands hesitantly.

"You going to finish it?" I ask him.

"Sure, Rocky. Sure. I'll finish it."

"Send it to me?"

His lower lip gets to trembling. I reach out and rumple his hair. "Come on," I says. "Aunt Kate's whipped up a swell spread for us. We better get down to the chuck wagon."

"I gotta"—the kid suddenly darts out of the room—"wash up."

WE sit down to a field-hand dinner built around a juicy hunk of roast beef, but somehow I'm not hungry, and I notice Herbert's having trouble cleaning his plate. I try to lighten the atmosphere with a few quips and funny sayings, but they fall flat. When it comes time for the dessert, Kate seems to be stalling. She clears the table, glancing at the front door, frowns, and fiddles with the coffee percolator, killing time. Then the doorbell rings and she scurries out.

"Little surprise," she announces, and suddenly the living room is swarming with Herbert's band of moppet marauders.

"Why, Kate," Herb says, "a party." He puts his arm around Herbert, leading him into the room. "Isn't this swell?"

The kid nods, and Kate says, "Her-

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bert, you make the introductions." Herbert ticks off the names, and when he sees the way the kids stare at Herb's ribbons, he begins to perk up. "Navy Cross," Herbert says, pointing to a blue ribbon with a vertical white stripe.

"Geez," Lennie Field says, "and the Purple Heart."

"With," Herbert says, smiling up at his dad, "clusters."

Kate brings on the cake and ice cream, the kids settling down in an admiring semicircle around Herb, and Herbert, standing beside him, says, "Tell 'em about Iwo Jima."

"Well," Herb says, "not much to tell, really. We started out—"

"Kate," I whisper, "why didn't *I* think of this?"

"Rocky," she says, "get some coffee for Herb and some ginger ale for the kids."

I attend to my butler duties, then hang around for a while, but not long. I'm too restless. Maybe it's because I keep thinking about tomorrow. And the day after. I just don't feel like being with Herb and the kids right now. I fade quietly out. I wander upstairs, and when I see the kid's door open, I go in. Herbert's new brown suit is hanging alongside one of Herb's uniforms. It looks awfully little.

"Rocky?" I hear Kate calling softly, and I turn to find her standing in the doorway. "Are you all right?" she asks.

"Just came up to get some cigarettes," I mumble.

She comes over to the window seat and sits down beside me.

"You know, I've been thinking, why don't you take a winter vacation this year?" she says. "We can go somewhere."

"I don't want to go anywhere."

"I just thought it'd be nice."

I get up and light a cigarette.

"I know how you feel," Kate says, drawing me back down on the window seat.

"Maybe he *will* change," Kate says, and I give a little start, because I *have* been thinking about Herb, wondering whether he'll gradually sink back into that old silent, lonely rut, abandoning the kid to another succession of indifferent housekeepers.

"Anyway, our job was just to look after him while Herb was gone," Kate says, "and now that Herb's back, our job's finished."

LOGICALLY, I suppose, Kate's right, but logic is an awfully cold and mechanical thing to work with when you're dealing with people, especially kids. I remember the lonely youngster that came to us two years ago, fresh from that furnished apartment in Glendale, where he'd been shut up all his life, with nobody to talk to, no other kids to play with, with nothing but radio cowboys and comic-book supermen, and when I compare that Herbert with the kid who is now top man in local moppet circles, leading the whole outfit because he's got more know-how than the others, I realize that the kid Herb's taking to Glendale with him isn't the same one he packed off to us when he first signed up with the Navy.

"All I'm worried about is the kid," I tell Kate. "What's best for *him*."

"Are you, Rocky?"

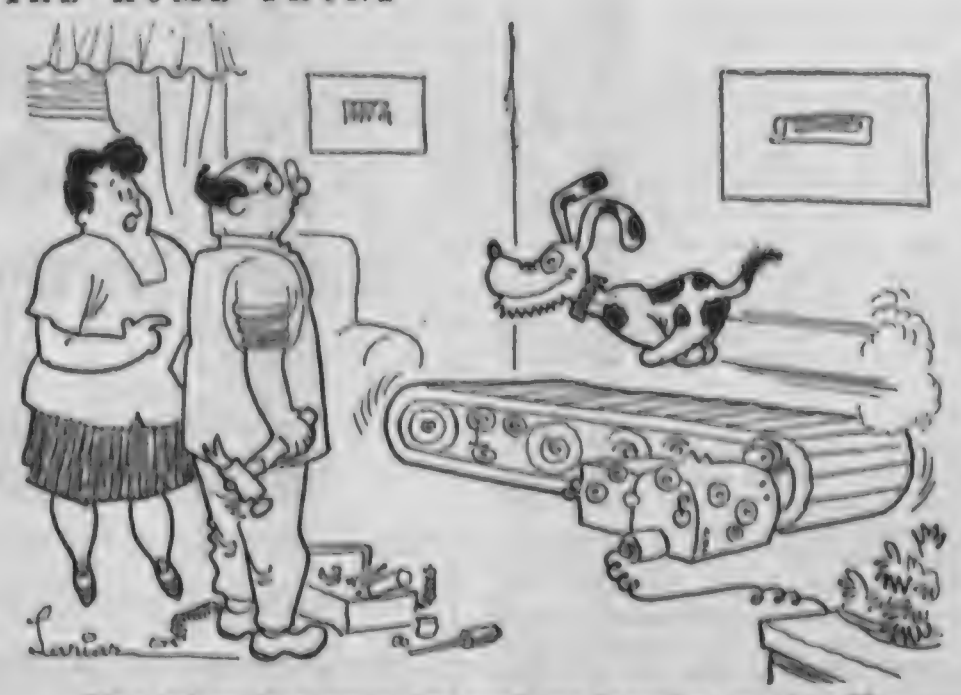
"Of course." I snuff out my cigarette.

"Are you sure you're worried about Herbert," Kate says, "or about yourself—how much you'll miss him?"

"What kind of crack is that?" I'm suddenly boiling. "You act like you're *glad* he's going," I storm, and Kate stiffens, glaring at me.

"You're being selfish, Rocky," she says, "and it's not like you."

THE HOME FRONT



"Sure he's getting exercise, but aren't you forgetting something?"

LIBERTY

"Mom, can't you get something else to practice with?"

LIBERTY

"Is it selfish to want the kid to have a decent home instead of a furnished apartment; to have you instead of some old-maid housekeeper?"

Kate springs up and marches to the door. "It's selfish to think of anything," she says coldly, "except how thankful we are that Herb's come back. Safe."

I stand there for a moment, stunned. I hear her close the door to our bedroom, and my first impulse is to run after her and apologize, but I don't budge. Then I start working myself up into a noble rage at Kate's unreasonableness. The idea of her not appreciating my unselfish worry about the kid! It's infuriating. No wonder I got sore. I had a right to. But deep down, I know Kate's right.

Downstairs I hear the party breaking up. I go down to the living room, where Herbert is switching out the lights and Herb is loosening his tie, getting ready for bed.

"Well, Rocky," Herb says, "we had quite a party." He looks around, frowns. "Where's Kate?"

"Headache," I lie.

"It was awfully nice of Kate," Herb says.

"I'll fix the lights," I tell the kid, pressing the switch.

I tell Herb and the kid good night, then slink into the bedroom, undress, and crawl in beside Kate. She doesn't stir, just lies there with her back to me.

"Kate," I whisper, "I'm sorry."

No answer. I stare at the wall, trying to build up a case for myself again, but it's no dice. I'm licked and I know it.

I LIE there for what seems to be hours, blinking at the wall, Kate not budging. Then I can't stand it any longer, so I slide out of bed, put on my robe, and pad down to the kitchen. I cut myself a sliver of roast and slap a sandwich together, and I'm just about to pour myself a glass of milk when Herb comes in, his eyes tired.

"Couldn't sleep," Herb says.

"Me either." I cut him in on the midnight snack. Herb pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

"The kid," Herb says, "I think he was crying."

"It's tough, leaving your friends."

"I know," Herb says. "I hated to say good-by to the guys on the ship." He snuffs out his cigarette, lights another. "Two years is a long time. You get attached to a place. It gets to feel like home."

The kitchen's so quiet the ticking of Kate's cooking clock seems almost deafening. We sit there for a long time, not saying anything, then we hear a soft slapping sound—Kate's mules.

"Now what are you two up to?" she says, and Herb mumbles something about that second cup of coffee. Kate draws up a chair. She takes Herb's hand. "Herb," she says, "what's the matter?"

"Why, nothing," Herb says, but Kate's waiting, and he knows she'll keep waiting until he tells her what's wrong. He suddenly gets up, walks over to the kitchen door, staring out at the back yard. "It's—well, the Navy's offered me a darn good deal if I stay in."

Kate turns to me before I can say a word, shushing me with a glance; she wants Herb to do the talking. And he does.

"When Margie—when I lost Margie, I tried to bury myself in my work, but without her the work didn't matter, nothing seemed to matter, not even the Navy at first, not until I went out with the fleet, and for the time I felt I was doing something that mattered. I felt alive again."

"Leaving the ship," Kate says, "it was like leaving home?"

Herb tries to duck that one, but Kate pins him down and he turns back to her, nodding.

"That apartment in Glendale," Herb says, "it was just a place I moved to because I'd never lived there with Margie and I wouldn't be reminded of her every time I opened the door. It wasn't home."

"And Herbert," Kate says—"was it home for him?"

"No."

HERB fumbles with a pack of cigarettes. "I tried," he says, moving over to the stove for a match. "I tried my best, but without Margie—" He stops short, staring at a small open-top box on the table. It's filled with Korn Krunchie box tops. He picks one up, studying the colored portrait of Dusty Dalton the Korn Krunchie cowboy. "Tonight he cried himself to sleep."

"This is his home," Kate says gently, "for as long as he wants to stay."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DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE UNDERWEAR, STOPPER, IT'S THE OVERHEAD THAT'S GONNA HURT.
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"And yours," I chime in. "Don't ever forget that."

Kate looks up at Herb with enough kindness and understanding in her eyes to remake the world.

"Ask the boy," she says. "It's up to him."

Herb nods and starts to leave, but Kate stops him. "Don't worry," she says. "It's all right." Then suddenly Herb breaks into a grin and makes a little sparring jab at her chin, the way he used to do when they were kids together. As he goes out, I have the feeling he's easier in his mind than he's been for years.

"Kate," I says, "I love you."

"Crumbs," Kate says—"you've left crumbs all over my nice clean floor."

I wrap my arms around her, and she makes a motion back toward the crumbs, but I draw her closer and tell her I'm sorry.

We stall around, tidying up the kitchen, waiting for Herb to come back. I'm wondering how the kid will take it, what he'll want to do. I know how proud he is of Herb, how he's looked forward to Herb's letters every day for two years, but at the same time I know what a great team we make, Kate and Herbert and me.

"Rocky," Herb says, when he comes back to the kitchen, "he wants to talk to you."

"Sure." I start to go up to the kid. But first I've got to know. "Is he staying?"

"I don't know. I think so."

HERBERT'S standing by the window, awfully small and lost in his new woolen pajamas. He turns when he hears me open the door.

"Rocky," he says, "is it all right—do you really *want* me to stay?"

I flash him our sign, the lucky O of thumb and forefinger. "Herbert," I says, "how do you think I'd ever run the old ranch without you?" I draw him down beside me on the window seat. We look out at the long stretch of snow-covered back yards, and right before our eyes the stark little fruit trees start turning into cowpunchers, waving their long arms at the ash cans, which develop into a herd of long horns thundering across the prairie.

"He said he'd come visit us," the kid says, "whenever his ship docks."

"Sure," I says. "Why, we'll be having welcome-home parties for the commodore all the time."

The kid leans back against my shoulder, gamely fighting sleep. I put my arm around him. It's late, it's time he stopped fighting. "Herbert," I says. "did I ever tell you about the time I was punching cattle in Montana, and we had a fellow in our bunkhouse named Frogeye Phil? Funny how he come to get the moniker. Seems one day he was—"

The kid settles back comfortably, his eyes closed, the corners wrinkled in a small contented smile. I have to raise my voice to drown out those pesky longhorns.

THE END

## MAMA BOOTS 'EM HOME

Continued from Page 23

retary's office, fills out a form, attaches a certified check to it, and drops her claim into a special box. At the end of the afternoon she owns a new horse. If other owners also make bids on the same horse, then Mrs. Loeff draws straws against them, and the winner gets the horse.

In this way Mrs. Loeff has obtained her best breadwinners. Take Topsy Omar. Everything was wrong with her. She was reduced to running the cheapest of races in Mexico. Then Mrs. Loeff claimed her for $1,500. Mrs. Loeff ignored the pessimists and began to rehabilitate her charge. Topsy Omar responded by winning her first four races.

Enthused, Mrs. Loeff pushed the little mare into the La Jolla Handicap. "Everyone laughed at me," she says. "Mr. Fogelson, the Texas millionaire, had his Grey Count in that race. Grey Count had already won the Louisiana Derby and the Inaugural Handicap and was an odds-on favorite. But I had a feeling." The La Jolla was a mile and one sixteenth, and Grey Count ran the field into the dirt. But suddenly, driving down the home stretch, he found he had company. A pocket-sized red whirlwind was sweeping up on the far outside. It was Topsy Omar coming on to win by a nose. The victory netted Mrs. Loeff $1,500. Topsy Omar went on to win race after race.

Mrs. Loeff's most profitable claim was Real Clear, a filly whose performances were so dismal that she was once refused stable room on the Longacres track in Seattle.

Mrs. Loeff claimed her for $3,000. Again the wiseacres howled. And again Mrs. Loeff proved them wrong. In eleven months Real Clear won eleven races, plus six seconds and five thirds. In that period she earned $10,000—and, despite her eight years, entered the classy California Breeders' Stakes at Bay Meadows and, in the mud, trounced the favorites, to win by three full lengths. The victory was worth $5,000. Later Mrs. Loeff sold Real Clear to Walter G. Hoffman, boss of the Rancho Casitas, as a mate for Broker's Tip, the Kentucky Derby winner.

Mrs. Loeff's only immediate ambition is to win another Breeders' Stake. It's more important to her than the Belmont or the Kentucky Derby, because she respects only California-bred horses. She believes they are the toughest and fastest in the world, and believes daily racing in the West is far superior to that in the East. She has an aversion to the East, perhaps because on her last journey there, before the war, her horses made a poor showing and one of them died.

AMONG Western owners there is an unspoken code of ethics. They do not claim each other's favorites. When Mrs. Loeff was running a five-year-old mare named Illeanna, C. S. Howard, the automobile king, wanted the mare for Seabiscuit's first mate. He could have claimed Illeanna, but he refrained. In the end, he was able to purchase the mare outright from Mrs. Loeff—and Illeanna gave Seabiscuit his first son, running currently under the name of Sea Swallow.

During her first five years of racing, Mrs. Loeff hired others to train her horses. Her most successful trainer was a youthful ex-cowboy named Cecil Wilhelm, who became one of the five leading trainers in the nation. The Loeff-Wilhelm combination was unbeatable until it was torn asunder in 1940, when Louis B. Mayer lured Wilhelm away.

"Hold everything, boys! My wife has changed her mind again!" LIBERTY

Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST Way

- Made *on a face cream base*, Yodora is *actually soothing* to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a *gentle* deodorant. Try it today—*feel* the wonderful difference!

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

ENERGIZE BETWEEN MEALS WITH Vita-Sert

FOR extra energy any time, eat this vitamin-rich *chocolate* that melts in your mouth. Get Vita-Sert.

You Get These VITAMINS IN EVERY BAR

| | |
|---|---|
| A | 4000 I. U. |
| B1 | 1 Mg. |
| B2 | 2 Mg. |
| C | 30 Mg. |
| D | 400 I. U. |

These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U. S. Government.

BE ALERT—EAT VITA-SERT

10¢ AT ALL COUNTERS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

There was a war on, and young men were being claimed for more important tasks. Mrs. Loeff hired several unemployed trainers, but she found she knew more than they did. It suddenly occurred to her that if she knew more—well—why not?

She applied to the California Racing Commission for a trainer's license and began prepping other exam by ten lengths. In 1941, at Bay Meadows, she unveiled her new license and began prepping other people's horses while also training and racing her own. Her success was immediate. In that meeting her horses led all others in total victories.

IN the years since, Mrs. Loeff has gotten her day down to an efficient routine. At dawn she cheerfully enters the track area. Stableboys greet her with "Hi, Mutch"—a nickname of unknown origin, probably the female gender of "Butch." By the time the sun is out she has Count Mio, son of the mighty Mioland, out of his stall. She gives the exercise boy his instructions. Then she is at the rail watching Count Mio work a sizzling mile. Afterward the horse is returned to his stall, where she treats him for whatever ails him. Like all trainers, she is an amateur physician.

While she works and checks the rest of her thoroughbreds as they go through their daily workouts, her husband is looking after the actual details of racing. He studies the Condition Book—a printed outline of pending races—and enters the Loeff horses in the proper spots.

During afternoons, Mrs. Loeff continues checking her stable and wrestling with managerial duties. At post time she readies her gold-and-green silks and instructs her jockey how to run the race. She never depends on the jockey to win for her. "I remember that my horse carries the jockey," she says, "and not the other way around." When her mount leaves, she rarely goes into the clubhouse to watch him run.

Her workday ends at nine o'clock at night. The only problems that keep her awake are the problems that test a trainer's mettle. Horse care is routine, but each horse is an individual headache. For instance, Mrs. Loeff owned a horse name Dignified who wore himself out with jitters before a race, until she learned that pets calmed him. Not one pet but five. Then he developed an affection for chickens. He loved them on his back. Mrs. Loeff obliged. And then he came through with wins.

Today, Mrs. Loeff's expertness enables her to live the good life. The good life means [illegible] and respect and constant traveling and excitement on the Western turf circuit. But it does not mean wagering. She refuses to bet on horses. Sometimes she will make a two-dollar sentimental bet, but no more. Her chief aversion is the tout who says he has a sure thing. She usually snaps, "Other horses have four legs, too!" If the tout persists, she offers her pet recitation—that there are more than fifty accidents that can happen to a horse, and more than thirty that can happen to a jockey. She elaborates. Anything can lick a sure thing. A shadow on the track. The wind blowing a newspaper. She cites Trainer Jim Fitzsimmons who had a sure thing. Gallant Fox was his name. Not afraid of anything. In his first race he was left at the post, paralyzed by something new and strange—an airplane in the sky.

MRS. THERESA LOEFF is indeed a practical woman. But when people call her practical, her son Ted likes to recall the time at Hollywood Park when he told her, "I'll bet on Sky Brush. I think he's the best."

Mrs. Loeff stared at the heavens a moment, then said, "Sky Brush is good, but Sickle Bill will win today. It's cloudy—and Sickle Bill is the horse with the moonlit eyes. He can't run in the sun. Blinds him. But when it's dark like this, he really runs."

Ted thought it was a rib. He was on furlough and shot his month's Army pay on Sky Brush to win. Sky Brush finished second. Sickle Bill won going away.

Ted never doubts mama any more. For that matter, neither does any one else.

THE END

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS, but—
AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION
is Worth a Pound of Cure!
PHILIP MORRIS!—proved
less irritating to nose and throat
famed for finer flavor and
aromo keener smoking pleasure!
CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest Cigarette

# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

## WITH HELEN PARKER

Having found Cornel Wilde, Tierney jilts the handsome Vincent Price.

### LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

*(FOX) Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price*

EARLY in Leave Her to Heaven, Cornel Wilde says to Gene Tierney, "If you had lived in Salem a hundred years ago, they would have burned you at the stake." And all her subsequent actions bear out his remark, except that we spell the word "witch" somewhat differently these days.

Ben Ames Williams' notorious heroine, played by Miss Tierney, is given ample opportunity to display her one, consuming emotion—jealous love. It seems she smothered her late father's existence with this selfish affection. Then, when Wilde comes along, looking remarkably like her father, he makes a logical target for this black widow spider in human form. No one is to come between her and the husband she so greedily adores—not his crippled younger brother; not even the expected child he wants so very much.

All these ugly goings-on are placed against the most beautiful of backgrounds—a ranch in New Mexico, a lodge on a Maine lake, a beach house in Bar Harbor. Also, the cast is stunningly wardrobed. One almost resents the fact that these shallow people are so materially blessed.

In a part too small for his size and talents, Vincent Price is his smooth self, being particularly fine in the courtroom scene. Jeanne Crain is still pretty and sweet, but not very convincing competition for the handsome, purposeful, and lascivious Gene Tierney.

Music sound tracks have been getting noisier and noisier. In this picture they almost overwhelm. There are too many booming drums accompanying any one player in a simple stroll across a room.

Leave Her to Heaven is a big, expensive spread, and goes all out for melo-dramatizing the "deadliest of the seven deadly sins"—jealousy.

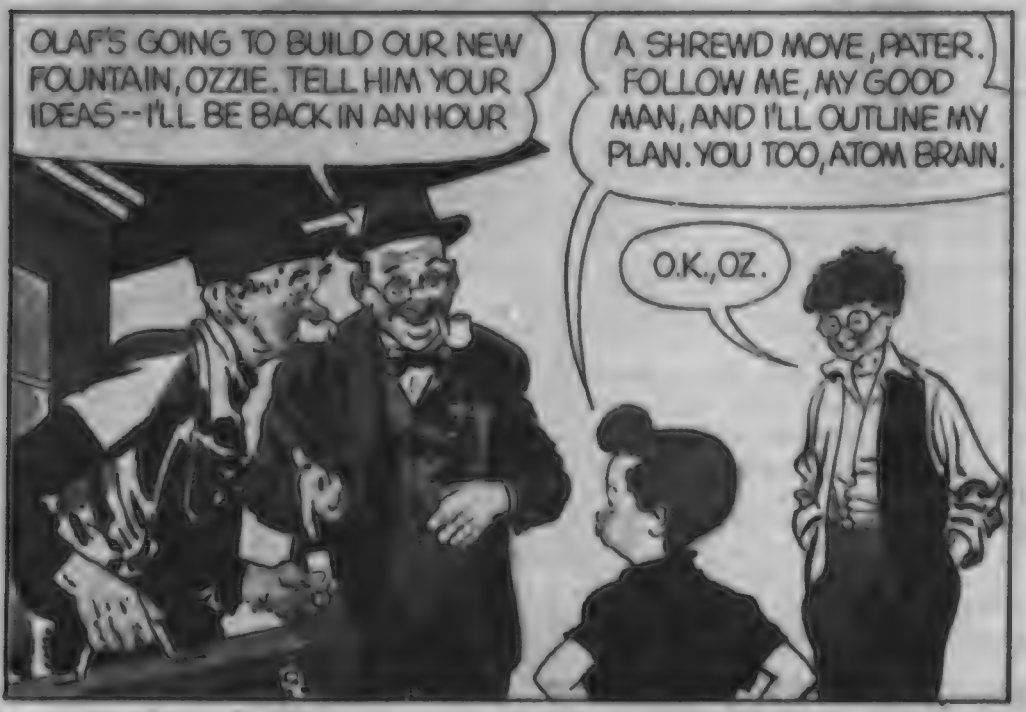
A pitiful scene—but with sordid motivations.

# THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by MORRISON MATHER
Illustrated by BOWLDS

WHAT'S THE IDEA YOU GOT FROM THAT BABE INSIDE, OZZIE?
THE REDHEAD INADVERTENTLY SUGGESTED AN IDEAL PUBLICITY STUNT FOR THE FUTURE THROPP NECTAR NOOK!
LADIES

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA ADVERTISE THE FOUNTAIN BEFORE YOU BUILD IT?
PRECISELY, PINHEAD! SUCH ADVANCE PUBLICITY WILL GUARANTEE CLIENTELE -- EVERYBODY IN TUBVILLE WILL AWAIT OUR OPENING DAY!


OLAF'S GOING TO BUILD OUR NEW FOUNTAIN, OZZIE. TELL HIM YOUR IDEAS -- I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR
A SHREWD MOVE, PATER. FOLLOW ME, MY GOOD MAN, AND I'LL OUTLINE MY PLAN. YOU TOO, ATOM BRAIN.
O.K., OZ.

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT MAN DOING IN YOUR DAD'S WINDOW?
OZZIE MUST KNOW -- HE'S SMART. OZZIE ALWAYS HAS A SMART REASON FOR DOING STUFF.

OBSERVE THE WINDOW OF THE NEW NECTAR NOOK, GALS. I'VE TAKEN IT OVER FOR A BIT OF PUBLICITY
DID YOU HAVE TO WRECK IT FIRST?
WON'T DADDY BE SORE WHEN HE SEES HIS DRUGS OUT?

PATER MAY REACT BADLY AT FIRST. WE MUST EXPECT DISAPPROVAL FROM THE OLDER GENERATION IN SUCH MATTERS--

HE ALSO LOOKS ANGRY

HERE COMES THE OLDER GENERATION, OZZIE, AND HE'S ON FIRE!

GOOD-BY, OZZIE. MY MOM'S EXPECTING ME!

WHERE ARE MY DRUGS? WHAT'S GOING ON? ARE YOU CRAZY, OLAF?

I FEELING FINE, MR. THROPP. BUT THE BOY ORDER ME--

PATIENCE, DAD. I'VE PUT OLAF TO WORK ON A TREMENDOUS ADVERTISING IDEA

DID YOU SAY OZZIE WAS SMART?

ADVERTISING IDEA? YOU'VE WRECKED MY WINDOW! WHAT'S THIS MESS SUPPOSED TO BE?

YOU GOT ME, I'M SURE

THIS NEW WINDOW WILL BE CONSTRUCTED TO ATTRACT ATTENTION, PATER. WE DEVISED SOME PUBLICITY TO SNARE NEW CUSTOMERS BY DROVES

SEE? I TOLD YOU HE WAS CLEVER

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT!

GET TO THE POINT, OZZIE THROPP! JUST WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO PUT IN THAT WINDOW?

A STAGE!

A STAGE?

THE BOY IS MAYBE SICK IN THE HEAD?

HE'S NOT SICK-HE'S NUTS!

WE'RE BUILDING A SODA FOUNTAIN, NOT A THEATER! WHAT'S THE STAGE FOR?

I ASK HIM THIS ALSO

OBVIOUSLY, PATER, WE'RE CONSTRUCTING A STAGE ON WHICH TO DO A SHOW

MAYBE HE NEEDS AN ASPIRIN, DADDY

MAYBE HE NEEDS A PSYCHIATRIST!

ARE YOU **CRAZY?** WHAT **KIND** OF A SHOW?

CONTROL YOUR CORPUSCLES, PATER. OUR NAME WILL BE ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS--AFTER THEY'VE SEEN OUR **FASHION SHOW!**

A FASHION SHOW IN A DRUGSTORE WINDOW? DO YOU THINK HE'S SERIOUS, MARY?

I STILL THINK HE'S NUTS!

*Continued next week*

How free you'll feel...

# THINK OF TAMPAX NEXT MONTH

(for sanitary protection)

**TAMPAX** can make you some definite promises for next month—*if* you use this modern type of sanitary protection. For example, you'll need no belts, pins or external pads. No sanitary deodorant will be required because odor cannot form with Tampax. There will be no chafing or bulging to make you uncomfortable, and no uneasy feeling that "edge-lines" may be showing.

**TAMPAX** gives women a wonderful feeling of freedom on "those days of the month" because it discards all outside bulk whatever. Based on the principle of *internal absorption* and perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made throughout of pure absorbent cotton, compressed in dainty applicators. Your hands need never touch the Tampax and you are unaware of its presence when it is in place. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

**TAMPAX** is sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 *absorbency-sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. A whole month's supply will fit into your purse. The Economy Box holds 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR

*Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*


# Woman-Talk

BY

## MARGARET FISHBACK

HANDS OFF BABY: Mary and Russel Wright gave a colossal "farewell to Seven Park Avenue" cocktail party not long ago. Like many another victim of the housing shortage, they were being eased out—what do I mean, eased out?—by an unsympathetic landlord with determined plans for their terrace apartment. Among the guests were a young mother and a middle-aged grandmother, both of whom boasted they had "never changed a diaper, never given Baby a bath, and never made a formula." What I wanted to

ask them was how either of them knew she had had a baby. Both insisted their pediatricians said that an efficient nurse was better for a baby than its own mother. Glib conversationalists, they made a good case for Nursie, but all I was convinced of was that doctors are both wise and diplomatic: If they see that a mother *wants* to take care of her baby, they say, "Go to it!" whereas they prescribe a nurse for the baby of a mother who wants to be assured she isn't neglecting her child when she yearns to employ someone to take charge of the Little Party so she can be free to come and go as she pleases. It's true such mothers miss all the drudgery and irritations involved in baby care, but they also miss those special smiles and that eager affection that the very young lavish on those who feed, air, change, and bathe them. . . . Speaking of the housing shortage, here's a heart-rending letter from Ruth Raphael, also long a resident of New York's Murray Hill: "This old house where we have lived and worked for more than eight years has been sold and we are legally obliged to move within six weeks. We want to take our four cats with us, of course, and that complicates our problem. Won't you keep your eyes and ears open for us? We would take almost anything. . . . It will amuse you to know that our cats' bitterest enemies, the dogs, are going to take over, for the young man who bought the place is going to use it for his business—the Canine Country Club."

BUSY GIRLS: Mrs. Elphege Dubois of Lawrence, Massachusetts, is the mother of ten children, including two sets of girl twins. The four girls can have their birthday parties together, because all four were born November 13, half of them in 1945; the other pair, six years ago. . . . Recently Peggy Hopkins Joyce married her fifth husband, Anthony Easton, an engineer. It was her first marriage in nineteen years, and she declared it would be her last. When Mrs. Sylvia E. Helmich, eighty-six years old, married her sixth husband, Herbert Helmich, seventy-eight, she said her first five husbands were dead, and she was lonesome. Her nineteen brothers and four sisters were also dead, and she has no children. . . . Out in Carson City, Nevada, Mrs. Delbert G. Faust and Mrs. Roy O. Preisler, both of East Orange, shared a cabin while awaiting divorces. Immediately after District Judge Clark J. Guild granted them their divorces, he performed a double marriage in which the two young women were married to each other's former husbands. The husbands had arrived together by car just before the ceremony. Cozy! The former Mrs. Faust has two children, and the former Mrs. Preisler has one. The court awarded custody of the kids to their respective mothers.

### INNOCENT BYSTANDER

**I do not mind the loss of skin,**
**Nor yet the bruises on my shin,**
**Nor other wounds that throb and bleed**
**When Tarzan's new velocipede**
**Attacks me. But I think it's shocking**
**To see what happens to a stocking!**

RUBBING IT IN: The February furniture sales rub salt in many a wound these days. Thousands of veterans have come back from the wars eager to make homes for themselves and their brides. The stores are offering furniture to make their mouths water. But why buy furniture with no place to put it, except in a long-suffering mother-in-law's attic, where it will gather dust till a young couple can find a home of their own in which to live?

## WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE STARVE

Continued from Page 17

something should have happened to the food! Men had to try consciously to keep from being irritable, and sometimes they didn't succeed. Social graces and table manners disappeared. When a man spilled a drop of soup on his tray, he mopped it up with a bit of bread.

Loss of weight came quickly with the new diet. The body began to use its own fat. Muscles shrank.

By April, the men had already begun to assume the typical starved look.

The two bottles of soft drinks permitted weekly were heaven-sent, and so was the unlimited supply of black coffee. Some volunteers drank as many as twenty cups daily. Chewing gum was available and a craze developed for it. Some men spent all their spare time and most of their spare money on gum. The technical staff grew suspicious and found a trace of sugar gave each stick a food value of about two calories—an insignificant amount, but thenceforth gum was limited to two packs daily. Men even licked the inside of the wrapper for any trace of sugar.

By the mid-point of the experiment in May the men had lost an average of 27 pounds and the scales no longer provided an accurate measure of starvation. A man might not lose weight for a week, then suddenly drop 3 or 4 pounds. Dr. Keys attributed such irregularities wholly to variations in the water content of the subject's body. In starvation, it is typical for fluids to seep into the abdomen, ankles, and under the eyes—a condition known as edema or dropsy. These fluids made the real weight of the subject a matter of guesswork. At any rate, loss of weight slowed down and so did energy output. The men began to reach a physiological equilibrium at a 1,750-calories level.

Even before the experiment was half over, the hunger strain made special precautions essential. One subject, in a pre-experimental state of mind, fainted while sprinting for a streetcar. Such faintings became common. So a "buddy system" was organized which provided a constant companion for every man leaving the laboratory. The buddy system also was a morale builder for starving men living in a well-fed community.

AS the experiment moved into its final months, it was astonishing to see the way the human body adjusts itself to adverse conditions. Under the impact of starvation the body can develop adequate ways of protecting itself and maintaining life at a low functional level. Tests and measurements bear this out.

The semistarved body is like a car running on three cylinders. It lacks power, pick-up, smoothness—but it runs. All essential organs make a new adjustment. Temperature drops from a normal of 98.6 to an average of 95.8, like a thermostat set lower to conserve fuel. Oxygen consumption drops a third, since there is less fuel to be converted into energy. The sugar content of the blood is lower, as if the body were reluctant to diminish its low reserves by making a normal supply available for immediate use.

X-ray measurements showed that the men's hearts actually shrank in size, and the pulse, normally about 72, dropped to half normal or less. Yet circulation remained adequate to meet the lowered energy requirements.

Naturally, the men were not as fit

"Why don't you watch where you're going?" LIBERTY

*He's a wise man who says "no" to tempting midnight spreads that do not agree with him. But if you are weak and have said "yes", treat your unsettled, queasy stomach gently. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.*

**Never Upset an Upset Stomach**

Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

*Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL. This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

*Three sizes at your druggist's.*

A Norwich Product

Pepto-Bismol

*for* UPSET *Stomach*

*Its longer polishing action safely* **BRYTENS TEETH!**

● To unmask the natural sparkle of your teeth, learn this great truth!

Even in the 50 seconds most folks brush their teeth, the dentifrice disperses and loses its polishing action.

That's why you'll get such dramatic results by changing to IODENT No. 2, made by a Dentist.

It contains millions of tiny particles *scientifically treated* to safely polish teeth *up to twice as long*. They *do not* dissolve—but get finer, tinier as you brush. It's the way a jeweler polishes precious jewelry.

Try it! Tooth Paste or Powder. Let your own mirror tell you the new beauty of your teeth.

**IODENT**

IODENT No. 1 is preferred by people with teeth easy to bryten—especially children.

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It's easy to make $$$ calling on friends with Everyday Greeting Cards for Birthdays, Anniversaries, "Get Well," etc. 15 assorting folders sell for $1. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED to make YEAR 'ROUND EXTRA INCOME. Start earning at once. Send 50c for SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER worth $1.00 or write for details NOW!

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An "eye-opening" revelation in sensible and comfortable reducible rupture protection may be yours for the asking, without cost or obligation. Simply send name and address to William S. Rice, Inc., Dept. 115-W, Adams, N. Y., and full details of the new and different Rice Method will be sent you Free. Without hard flesh-gouging pads or tormenting pressure, here's a Support that has brought joy and comfort to thousands—by releasing them from Trusses with springs and straps, that bind and cut. Designed to securely hold a rupture up and in where it belongs and yet give freedom of body and genuine comfort. For full information—write today!


as before. The standardized work tests became intolerably difficult. Simple strength declined only about 10 per cent, but endurance on short heavy tasks dropped 50 per cent or more. No one lasted even a minute on the treadmill. Dr. Keys adds the significant statement that men who were most fit initially showed the greatest deterioration during starvation.

Speed reactions were affected little by starvation. And even muscular co-ordination did not suffer much. In short, the body held its own as long as there were no demands for heavy work output. That, the weakened body just couldn't take.

Intelligence—the kind measured by intelligence tests—seems unaffected by starvation. Both Dr. Brozek and Dr. Guetzkow, staff psychologists, were quick to add an important qualification: the tests measure intellectual *capacity*, and while this capacity seemed unimpaired, its voluntary *use* in prolonged mental work was another matter.

This qualification on the use of intelligence is the clue to a second series of experimental results. *Starvation alters personality.* It produces marked changes in behavior, emotions, initiative, and social concern. Intelligence may be unaffected by starvation, but if loss of initiative, interest, and awareness isolates the subject from the world around him, the effect is as devastating as if the mental faculties were themselves impaired. The best mind in a starved body isn't worth a nickel.

Apathy and depression came with bodily weakness. Men felt old in body and mind. They dropped all social activity. Just the task of being polite and attentive seemed "too much work." Food became the sole interest and preoccupation. No pin-up girl could compete with a dish of plain macaroni.

Diaries reveal voluptuous gastronomic dreams, and nightmares in which the volunteer is tempted by delicious pastries and desserts. Just as he is about to succumb, he awakens in a sweat, realizing with a grateful prayer that he has not betrayed his responsibility after all.

And so, even though vital organs and processes were unimpaired, six *months of semistarvation* reduced normally healthy men to weak, irritable, lean creatures, socially and economically ineffective. Their persistent hunger denied them all the constructive activities and pleasures of living except that of their morning and evening meals.

•

LOOKING back over the experiment, Dr. Keys thought it fortunate that the dietary level had been established at 1,750 calories. "A few hundred calories less," he said, "and we might have had serious health complications with permanent aftereffects." Thousands in Europe cannot even hope for 1,750 calories this winter.

During the experiment, all the subjects received practically the same food. When starvation ended, last July 30, the men were shifted to four different recovery diets to test the relative effectiveness of each. All continued to receive the basic 1,750-calorie ration of bread, turnips, macaroni, and a suggestion of meat. Supplements were added. A minimum group received an additional 400 calories daily; other groups received multiples of that amount. The extra food was of the same type as the basic diet. Some in each group received pills of concentrated proteins and vitamins, while the rest received identical pills—but these were nutritional duds.

The thought of increased rations carried the men through the final starvation testing. This psychological

"All right, all right—we'll go to Florida!"

LIBERTY

uplift kept them going even after the new diets were introduced, but both the men and the staff soon realized that the increased food was not going to produce miracles. Some gained a few pounds; most merely held their own. The surplus fluids were being replaced by body tissue and recovery was probably more rapid than the scales indicated. Six weeks on the new diets made it clear that recovery from starvation by adding small supplements to meager diets was no easy matter. *The chances that a diet of 2,000 or 2,400 calories would rehabilitate even a healthy adult seem slim indeed.*

These significant facts were communicated to FERA, OSRD, UNRRA, and the Army, even though the experiment still had six weeks to go. Dr. Keys pointed out that for effective rehabilitation it was imperative to raise calories well above the 2,500 level and to increase the proportion of protein in the diet. As the experiment drew to a close and the data were more certain, Dr. Keys re-emphasized that in an adult male no appreciable rehabilitation can take place on a diet of 2,000 calories a day. "The proper level is more like 4,000 daily for some months. The character of the rehabilitation diet is important, but unless calories are abundant, extra proteins, vitamins, and minerals are of little value," he said.

IN October, after three months of rehabilitation diet, none of the men had regained his former weight, physical capacity, or fitness. Even in December none was fully restored to performance capacity. Some of the men had received diets of definitely higher caloric value than the average American diet, but even this did not bring health back rapidly.

The experiment at Minneapolis suggests a number of things about the kind of starvation that is typical of Europe. Luckily, the human body's automatic protective measures ensure, to some degree, that the starved person *can* be rehabilitated, because vital organs and processes are relatively unimpaired. But the young and the old face more difficult problems, and children may bear the scars of hunger for life. Because hunger in Europe is coupled with cold, disease, and personal frustration, rehabilitation will be much slower than it was in the experiment.

It's clear that rehabilitation from hunger is a task where aid cannot be too little and too late. Herbert Lehman, director of UNRRA, says there are 180,000,000 in Europe "on the border line of starvation," and conditions in Asia are much worse. The starved body has such low reserves that it cannot stand any protracted hardships. The rising curve of deaths in Europe this winter needs no further explanation.

To talk elections, peace, and democracy to hungry people is talking to a blank wall. "The mental attitude of starved persons cannot be changed for the better until they have been physically rehabilitated," Dr. Keys asserted. "Starved people cannot be taught democracy. To talk about the will of the people when you aren't feeding them is perfect hogwash." We cannot win the peace until all men and women are restored to a nutritional level where they are once again concerned with a better social and political life and in planning farther ahead than their next meal.

Perhaps one should differentiate between hunger and starvation. Both are found in Europe. Hunger does not involve the gross physical effects of starvation, but the pain, emptiness, and persistent desire for food are there. The irritation and griping so common during the last weeks of the Minneapolis experiment, when energy outstripped social control, is typical of hunger. Anything that weakens our essential social inhibitions is dangerous. Hunger may bring revolution, and starvation will certainly bring chaos to Europe.

The experiment points out another important thing for us at home. Nutrition is not concerned with the stomach alone. Mental effects of hunger and starvation are more critical than physical, as far as this country goes. The body protects itself, but adjustment to normal social living goes by the board. Just as the human guinea pigs dropped their table manners, their interest in people, and their concern about others, so victims of hunger, to varying degrees, become less than normally useful citizens. Children are even less fortunate, because learning and habit formation are the core of education. Adjustments that are conditioned by an unsatisfied stomach may always be unsatisfactory adjustments. The experiment suggests —and educational statistics seem to bear out—the close relationship between family income, adequate nutrition, and advancement in school.

THE experiment over, I talked with a volunteer about to go on a thirty-day leave to round out his own rehabilitation. "Would you sign up for another experiment if there were the need?" I asked. "Certainly, if there were the need," he said. "But do you think we have any need for starvation?"

THE END


TRAVEL WITH

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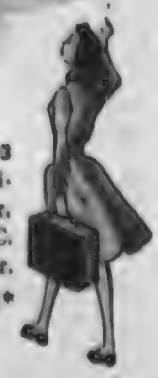
ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPH

Roll up those rugs! Here comes Trav-ler Electric Phonograph . . . for your dancing and listening pleasure. Lightweight, portable, efficient, with power to spare . . . and what tone! See and hear this new Trav-ler now at leading department, music, radio and appliance stores.



TRAV-LER DE LUXE MODEL No. 7003
Features specially designed built-in Power Amplifier, Variable Tone Control, large six-inch Speaker, Crystal Pick-up, operates 110-125 volts, 60 cycles AC. Covered with handsome two-tone simulated rawhide leather. Plays 10 and 12 inch records with lid closed.
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*On sale at drug counters 25c no Federal tax*

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BYE TO CAVITY

GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently comes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

GIVE wings to your words WITH THE PEERLESS "P38"

GUARANTEED FOR ALWAYS!

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$8.75 PLUS FED TAX

These are the new streamlined pen and pencil sets that are literally flying over paper to make writing history.

See your dealer or write direct

PEERLESS P38

New York 11, N.Y.-Dept. L




## THIS IS FLORIDA

Continued from Page 19

yields what local boosters say is the largest annual harvest of freshwater fish in the country. The underwater grass grows so fast in Florida's fresh water that on the Wakulla River, near Tallahassee, an underwater lawn mower is operated to keep clear channels for glass-bottom boats carrying visitors to see the spring and other underwater sights, including a fish that does a high jump over a pole down in the crystal-clear deep.

Florida boasts some 600 varieties of fish, with lake, stream, and offshore angling a major attraction for visiting tourists. Boats for fishing are increasingly available; now and then a completely staffed and equipped motor yacht may be rented.

Florida has a number of wild-life refuges where only camera hunting is allowed. On the borders of these preserves many sportsmen find plenty of game, although many of the birds seem as well versed in the law as any warden. Thousands of ducks float on the waves, so little interested in man that motorboats may come within ten or fifteen feet of feeding flocks. It's illegal to shoot them within a mile of the shore. At the mile-limit mark, they grow wary. You can't even drift within a couple of hundred yards without them taking wing.

Canadian geese, wood duck, wild turkey, quail, and doves (by the millions) are found around the state. And there are deer in season, too, now practically all over the state. A good many years ago all the deer were killed in one section as part of a campaign against cattle diseases. But when all the livestock, including the deer, were healthy, the ban was lifted, and today you'll be able to get your buck in any number of marsh sections.

For those who like their fun in the cities, St. Petersburg has made a science of all-day entertainment. There's dancing at noon, and on a windswept pier in the evening. The appeal to over-agers is also strong here. There are rows of benches everywhere for the halting feet of not-too-young vacationers. There are ramps from sidewalk to street for wheel-chair visitors, and for the still energetic there is plenty of chance to show off at all times.

Leading in this department are the Three-Score-and-Ten Softball Clubs. Two teams, the Kids and the Kubs, meet on regular schedule with enthusiastic rooters out in force for every match. All players on these two teams have passed the three-quarter-century mark. Bush league for them is the Half Century Ball Club where youngsters of fifty engage in hot competition.

BIG-LEAGUE baseball teams, long war-restricted in their travel, will be back on the scene in Florida this year, and a number of outstanding golf tourneys are set for Florida's 150 courses.

Then there are the world-famous turf events in Miami, the state shuffleboard tournaments in St. Pete, and the lawn and bowling contests in Leesburg. While there will be no immediate resumption of some of Florida's most famous festivals, many parades and pageants, balls and outdoor musical events are on the schedule this year.

And if Florida hasn't enough for you, it is only ninety airline minutes to Havana from Miami and eighty minutes to Nassau. But chances are, Florida will satisfy you, whether you have money to burn or simply skin to burn.

THE END

"Right back with your old insomnia again, I see!"

LIBERTY

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No Need Now to Let
GRAY HAIR
CHEAT YOU

*Now comb away gray this easy way*

Gray hair is risky. It screams: "*You are getting old!*" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forgot they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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Get a bottle of the new Kolor-Bak at your drug or department store today and test it under Kolor-Bak's guarantee that it must make you look years younger and far more attractive or your money back.

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Solution For Artificially Coloring Gray Hair

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Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Quicts itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. Prescription.

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At all druggists. Or write for FREE GENEROUS SAMPLE. Innerclean Co., 946 E. Sixth St., Los Angeles 21, California.
INNERCLEAN
Herbal Laxative

## A BIG PRIZE FOR US

Continued from Page 15

crease the annual crops on all Chinese fields by 30 to 50 per cent. Adequate food and a modicum of medical supplies from the United States would do miracles for the deplorably poor health of the Chinese. The average span of life of the Chinese is only twenty-eight years as compared with the sixty-five years' life expectancy of the average American.

Transport equipment is another urgent need. In a country somewhat larger than the United States, the total railroad mileage is barely that of the State of New York. In any part of the Chinese interior, railroads built with American materials and American trucks would cut freight costs to one third or one quarter of what they are now. A modern transport system would encourage economic development everywhere. It also would do more than anything else to bring China's vast areas under central political control. It would unify her numerous dialects into a national language, get the people from various regions to know each other, and make her loosely knit provinces into a truly united nation.

American hydroelectric equipment pooled with Chinese manpower would make it possible to exploit the enormous latent water power of a country that is poor in oil and coal. By-products of a modern water-power program would yield vast irrigation works and effective flood control.

Light mining and manufacturing machinery and better tools for her stagnant cottage industries would enable China to use her widely scattered but by no means insignificant raw-material resources.

AN American Army officer with many years of experience in China, discussing old Wu and various aspects of the "New Democracy," summed it up like this:

"The guy is genuine and so is the democratic reform system that his like and the landlords and merchants have developed together with the Communists. Give the Chinese peasants their political freedom and educate them as well as the old gentry in a practical way, as the Yenan people do, and you have done the only thing it needs to make 450,000,000 customers for our industries out of the Chinese. And I mean *customers*—who can pay for American goods and use them to their advantage and ours."

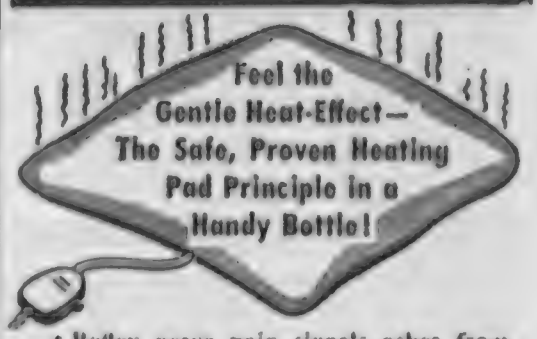
THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

How fat she is—
She used to wasn't.
The reason is
She daily doesn't.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

WHEN NERVES CRY
BACK ACHE
SORETONE LINIMENT
gives quick relief on contact

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Soretone Liniment has scientific *rubefacient* ingredients that act like glowing warmth from a heating pad. Helps attract fresh surface blood to superficial pain area.

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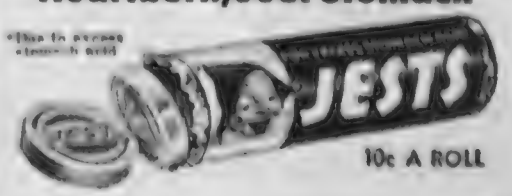
*Due to excess stomach acid

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Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

**HOW PAZO OINTMENT WORKS**

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

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Cluthe Sons, Dept. 41, Bloomfield, New Jersey.


## THEY LEARN FASTER BY SEEING

Continued from Page 21

work. After students have brought the subject down to their own interests, the teacher says, "We have a film called The Wheat Farmer that will answer most of your questions. It shows how the farmer prepares his soil, plants wheat, harvests it with a combine. . . ."

The teacher continues for several minutes, preparing the students to get the significance of things they are about to see. Trained in the use of classroom films, the teacher understands that to use them properly he must know in advance what they contain and he must make the purpose clear to the pupils before they see the film.

WHEN the film has been shown, the children are able to answer many of their own questions. Not only does the movie do that, but it leads to creative projects. Under the teacher's guidance some pupils may want to try germinating wheat in jars. Others may wish to develop maps of wheat-producing regions. Supplementary reading comes in naturally. Although the film requires only ten classroom minutes, it provides a springboard into many other related activities.

The film people want no one to forget that the teacher is still the vital element. The film is just one more tool in her hands, to be used along with all the other tools she needs. But there is an air of assured enthusiasm among A-V producers that belies the words, "just another tool." Dr. Arnspiger of Britannica goes on to say that all the facilities of the language and graphic arts are available to the producer of sound films.

Why do we need classroom films? Didn't grandpa get along well enough without education canned on sixteen-millimeter strips?

Dr. Arnspiger answers questions like these by talking about the Pygmies. A curious educator once wrote the Pygmy curriculum on a single sheet of paper. A Pygmy child learns to hamstring elephants, build a hut, hunt in packs, make curare and perhaps arrows. And that's about all.

"You got to hand it to Joe—he's crafty!"
LIBERTY

Everything is taught by experience, and the child becomes a fully participating member of the community by the time he is twelve.

By contrast, it takes eight or ten volumes to contain our course of study for three years of high-school science. Our children must learn a great mass of things before they can truly participate in our complex society. The adult who has learned nothing about bread except that it comes from the grocery store is not able to take full part in life. This situation is widely recognized, so we hear outcries for more education of one sort or another. A newspaper "proves" that children need to be taught more American history. A magazine editorializes against our physics courses as not adequate in an atomic age. Someone else wants to know how we can have "one world" until children learn more geography. And above all this rises the wail of business men whose high-school graduate secretaries have never been taught to spell.

When all these lamentations are tested against one another, it becomes clear that the need is not more of one course at the expense of another. Something must be done to help the children to more efficient learning in the courses they have.

This is what the visual-education people think their methods do. They point to the things sound films are already accomplishing in schools:

First graders can learn biology on what has always been considered eighth- or ninth-grade level. Physiology can be taught so clearly that it is returning to school courses.

Children grasp mathematical principles as animated charts perform acrobatics before their eyes. Long division, terror of many generations, is learned rapidly when its meaning is graphically explained. A University of Chicago faculty member re-

**WAKEFUL TONIGHT**

**Dragged Out Tomorrow**

Yes, wakeful nights are unpleasant but the effects next day are still more unpleasant.

If Nervous Tension sometimes keeps you awake at night, or makes you irritable and fidgety in the daytime, try Dr. Miles Nervine. This time-tested sedative has been making good for sixty years.

Get a bottle of the liquid or a tube of the tablets at your drug store. Caution: read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

DR. MILES NERVINE

ports that the teaching of the molecular theory is cut from two and one half weeks to two and one half days. Subjects formerly thought teachable only to college students now are given in eighth and ninth grades. Junior-high students actually see how fish hatch, butterflies emerge from cocoons, ant eggs incubate.

THESE instances could be multiplied indefinitely, since there are hundreds of films to be had, each made especially for classroom use. The Britannica's Erpi Sound Films, for instance, covers subjects from kindergarten stories to electronics.

There will soon be a new film on the structure of the atom, incorporating knowledge now available for the first time. New films on arithmetic will teach it in action, relating it to insurance and interest and budgeting. And the end is not in sight. March of Time already has 2,000 subscribers for its year-old series of Forum Films.

Young America Films, a new company headed by the publisher of Young America Magazine, promises movie courses for every class from kindergarten through high school. These are to be offered in twenty-five-dollar "packages": a one-reel sound film summing up the course; a film strip of pictures and diagrams tied to a popular textbook; a manual for the teacher.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**Captain Gene Markey was extolling Admiral Halsey the other evening. "I once asked him to what he attributed his rapid rise," reminisced Gene.**

**"To power of initiative," the admiral replied.**

**"Power of initiative?" Markey repeated. "How would you define that?"**

**"Disobeying orders," was the unexpected explanation.**

***—Hollywood Reporter.***

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Intercontinental Audio Video plans to offer black-and-white reels at about twelve dollars, Kodachromes at twenty-five dollars.

But the films made just for school use are not the whole story. The school equipped to show sound film can also buy or rent sixteen-millimeter versions of many Hollywood productions. Jane Eyre, The Good Earth, Mutiny on the Bounty—these and dozens like them are being used in English, history, and geography classes.

The British Information Services offers an assortment of shorts on Britain in the war. General Electric will lend, free, a Technicolor film on the mysteries of FM radio. Many other firms make similar offers.

With all these advantages, and with their worth so amply demonstrated by the armed forces, why are sound films not used in *all* schools? Some teachers simply do not know much about them. (Britannica has recognized this problem and has recently produced a sound film which portrays accepted practices.) A great many others are suspicious of them as a trick to steal something from the personal touch in education. And one of the great problems is that when a school, by its own decision or under pressure of informed parents' groups—as has happened—decides to use sound films, it finds that the equipment costs money.

Projectors are priced at from $250 to $500 or more. (At present there is a waiting list of hopeful customers.) The ten-minute films sell for $45 cash, in the case of Britannica's Erpi Sound Films. They cost $10,000 or more to make.

The sixteen-millimeter prints of Hollywood pictures may be rented at prices like these: The Good Earth —three reels, $4.50; As You Like It —feature length, $17.50. Britannica has not rented its films, believing schools should ultimately own them and use them over and over again, but some university film exchanges offer Erpi and other films for rent.

To knock down these costs, some schools have formed co-operative libraries. Eleven school districts in northern Arizona keep their films on deposit at Arizona State College; thus each has, at a comparatively small investment, a stock of 151 films to draw upon. A group of schools around Hempstead, New York, has formed a similar co-operative that now has 175 films; it also distributes 80,000 standard slides belonging to the New York State Department of Education.

So, in one way and another, a visual education makes progress in spite of our national reluctance to spend money on teachers and teaching. Virginia recently appropriated $1,112,000 for visual aids in public schools, a major step for which Governor Colgate W. Darden, Jr., was largely responsible.

With visual education having found its stride at last, is it any wonder that one producer of classroom films is inclined to revise his slogan, "Bring the world to the classroom"?

"Sound films bring the classroom to the world," he says.

THE END

**Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly**

If you suffer from rheumatic, arthritis or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe that thousands are using. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two-week supply, today. Mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. It's easy. No trouble at all and pleasant. You need only 3 tablespoonfuls two times a day. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave and if you do not feel better, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try as it is sold by your druggist under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale and recommended by druggists everywhere.

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Complete Eliminates need of outside aerial — Just attach F & H Capacity Aerial Eliminator to your radio. It occupies a space of only 1¼" x 4" behind your set. Simple instructions furnished with unit. Easily connected by anyone to the aerial connection of set and to ground such as radiator, register, or water pipe. This unit is really a substitute for an outside aerial and will give good reception on both local or distant stations.

**IF YOU HAVE AN OLD AERIAL**

**It Is Most Likely Corroded and Has Poor or Loose Noisy Connections.** If so why not try a Capacity Aerial Eliminator on your radio and we feel sure you will be pleased with the results—Even if your radio has a built-in aerial this unit usually adds greatly to the reception. The Capacity Aerial Eliminator responds to the entire broadcast band frequencies and short wave channels.

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**VALUE ALREADY PROVED**

On the market five years. 100,000 customers in U. S. and foreign countries. In use from the Arctic regions of Norway to the tropics of Africa. Factory tested on a standard radio for actual long distance reception. Easily connected by anyone—cannot harm set—Will work on practically any radio except battery or automobile radios.

**5 DAYS TRIAL** Mail coupon at once. Pay postman $1.00 plus a few pennies postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and your dollar will be refunded without question.

**PROOF OF ITS MERITS**

Due to lack of vital war materials such as wire, etc., we have not manufactured or advertised this unit for the past three years, yet during this time we have daily received orders from old customers throughout the U. S. and Canada for this unit indicating their satisfaction with its performance. We are now happy to announce to our old and new customers that we can again supply this unit in limited quantities.

—JUST MAIL THIS COUPON—

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Send F & H Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman $1 plus few cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for $1 refund. Check here ☐ if sending $1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here also ☐ if interested in dealer's proposition.

Name .....

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City ..... State .....

FEB. 16, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
*Publisher*
EDWARD MAHER
*Editor*

# THE OTHER FELLOW'S VIEWPOINT

NOW that the specter of defeat and annihilation no longer haunts our allies, the United States is finding it more difficult to induce them always to accede to our views on how the world should be run. This seems to appall some of us and increase our self-righteous doubts that other nations will ever co-operate with us to create "one world." Those who say it can never be done are quick to seize upon any disagreement as proof of their point.

However, we need to retain perspective in international dealings. When troubles arise, we must try to see the dispute from other viewpoints as well as our own. The my-country-right-or-wrong type of thinking is as harmful in promoting understanding as its opposite, the America-is-always-wrong school of thought. Neither is helpful in the delicate task of building trust and confidence in a world which has just finished a great orgy of cruelty, treachery, and violence.

Many Americans are shocked to find that other nations do not consider we have the exclusive right to administer Japan and remold the political and economic life of that country in accordance with our own ideas. Having beaten Japan virtually singlehanded, we find it odd that other nations want a say in what happens to her.

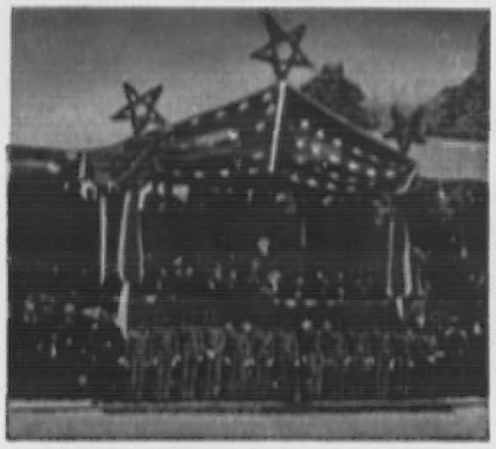
As reasonable people, we must admit this attitude is inconsistent. We can't make one set of rules for ourselves and another for other powers. On our part we claim the right to have a finger in European countries, even those which border on the Soviet Union. These lands are thousands of miles away from America. Some of these nations, such as Rumania and Hungary, were at war with Russia. It is not surprising that Russia, whose people were killed and homes destroyed by the armies of these nations she has defeated, takes the view that what happens there now is only remotely our business.

We make it our business, and it is right and proper that we should. However, we have no right to deny our allies a similar voice in the future fate of Japan. This land is a next-door neighbor of both Russia and China and is separated from the United States by thousands of miles of ocean. Certainly if Russia had conquered a group of islands with a large and belligerent population lying a few miles off our shores, we would not want to be excluded. Instead, we would probably want Russia to get out.

International trust and co-operation, which must grow stronger throughout the years if we are to have peace, is not impossible or even difficult. But to achieve it the people of America and the people of our allied countries must have patience, intelligence, and always be willing to look at affairs from the other fellow's viewpoint as well as their own.

Paul Hunter

# How do we treat returning vets?



**1865** **SEVEN HUNDRED** thousand veterans of the War Between the States got their $60 to $100 mustering-out pay and went home to look for work. America was a land of boundless opportunity in this seventh year after Corby's was introduced in Canada.

**1898** **SPANISH-AMERICAN** War veterans (250,000 of them) got no bonuses. Pensions for wounded were small, no continuing medical attention was provided. But once again America was heading into years of peace and plenty as Corby's saw its 40th year of Canadian fame.

**1919** **VETERANS OF** World War I went job hunting. Lifetime medical attention, paid-up endowment insurance, free education for ex-students—these were some of the rewards for 2 million victors over Germany as Corby's became a 61-year tradition in Canada.

**1945** **THE G. I. BILL** of Rights is the broadest program in history for veterans, yet it will need efficient handling to be helpful in peaceful days to come. And as you look forward to peace, you may enjoy your favorite drink made with Corby's—the light, sociable blend. The whiskey with the grand old Canadian name is being distributed regularly. Watch for Corby's. You'll meet a friend you'd like to keep for now and for the future.

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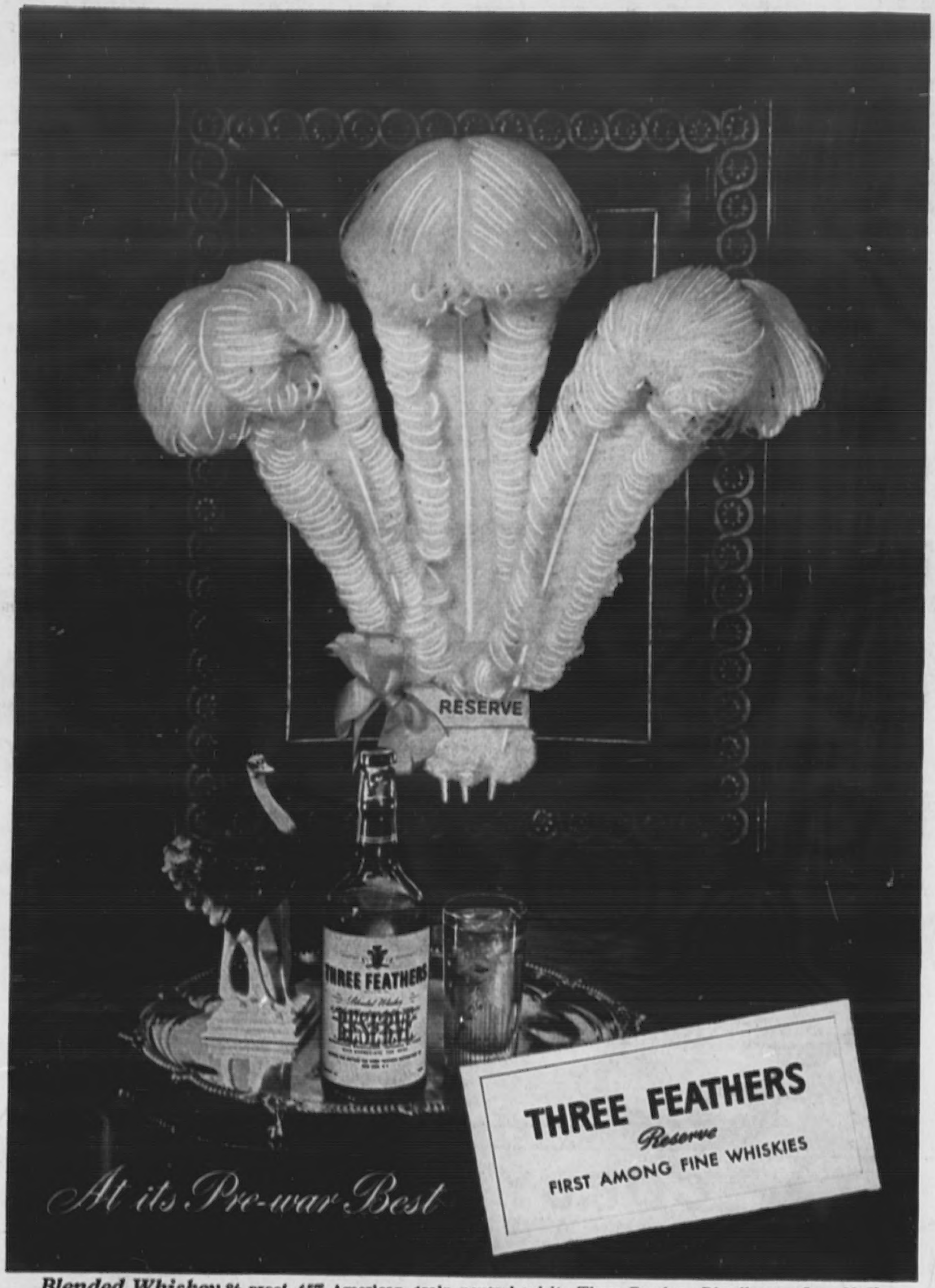
# CORBY'S

## A Grand Old Canadian Name

**PRODUCED IN U. S. A.** *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

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